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COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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HARVEST CUSTOMS.

SOME little while ago the present writer attended what was probably the first harvest thanksgiving of the year. It was an evening service held in a tiny church, situated far from any railway station, and not even near the highway. But the vicar, or rather his daughters, had decorated it with great taste, though some of the villagers were displeased, because it had long been their custom to choose the occasion for a display of the largest cabbages, turnips, and potatoes that grew in their cottage gardens, and the church used to resemble for that night only a greengrocer's shop. But on this occasion a different style of ornament was attempted. Long tendrils of bramble were hung on the altar palings. Small sheaves, or rather bunches, of wheat and oats and barley were placed on the walls, and between them were the wild fruits of the hedgerow—scarlet hips and haws just going ruddy, juniper bushes with the berries on, branches laden with red-cheeked crab-apples, purple-black sloes, twigs of hazel with the nuts, and an abundance of those scarlet berries to be found on every hedgerow. It is true that the bright colours were somewhat dimmed, because all the lighting of the church had to be done with candles, which failed to outshine the full moon peeping in at the small windows, against whose panes the wind kept blowing leaves of the ivy that mantled the church. Such a scheme of decoration in its natural simplicity seemed very appropriate to the quiet village church and to the worshippers, whose brown and weather-worn faces spoke eloquently of the sunny days that most of them had spent in the harvest-field; and the voice of the patriarchal clergyman, followed by the simple hymns sung in childish treble by the choir boys and girls, made one sigh for the

old harvest usages that are gradually passing out of existence, although here and there an old farming family keeps them up. We were in a farmhouse not long ago which is said to be 600 years old, though the evidence for that is somewhat vague. It can be proved, however, that it has been held by members of the same family for more than 300 years. This is an established fact from the account-books kept by the owner, which can still be inspected. Now the good-natured farmer's wife, showing us some treasures of china, chiefly remarkable because they had the name of what was probably the first owner printed on them, raised a lament because several of the bowls were broken. She said it had never been the custom in her day to use this china except at the "harvest home," and from time to time a clumsy labourer had broken a piece of it. The last mishap of the kind occurred last year, and the old lady vowed that this year she would discontinue the habit of bringing out her old china to the workmen. But there, no doubt, the habit of giving a harvest supper had endured for several centuries, and is likely to go on as long as the present tenants are alive.

In the majority of districts, however, the harvest thanksgiving at church is somewhat of an innovation. The custom was to have a merry-making in the great barn, that possibly had been built in days when corn was thrashed with the flail. In these observances a small sheaf of corn bound with bright ribbon played a prominent part, and was called the Kirn Dolly in various parts of the country, kirn being possibly a corruption of the old word for a mill, "quern." No doubt the usage was one of great antiquity, and had been adopted from some pagan rite, the dolly tied round with ribbon being probably made to represent Ceres, the Goddess of Harvest, who would naturally have her day at the end of the in-gathering. It was customary, in the days when corn was cut by bands of male and female shearers, to elect a harvest queen at the end of the carrying. She was placed on the last load home, with the Kirn Dolly in her hand, and it was her business to hang it on the wall. Usually a supper, rough and plentiful, was provided. It generally consisted of boiled beef or mutton, home-grown potatoes, and plenty of a dumpling whose richness almost entitled it to be called plum pudding. Then the aged shepherd, who was the fiddler of the district, when the plates and knives had been removed, struck up a lively strain, the harvest queen led off the dance with the man of her choice, and the rest of the night was given up to conviviality. Indeed, early risers next morning could see the men slinking for a few minutes into their houses, to change their Sunday for their work-a-day clothes, and rush out to attend the horses; for the work of a farm, like the King's Government, has to be carried on. But the whole affair, as is the case with nearly all our rustic observances, was a travesty or corruption of the rites and ceremonies with which virgins paid their homage to Ceres, while the men did sacrifice to the same gracious Divinity.

It is a singular fact that, after enduring all sorts of changes, these rustic customs should be threatened with an end through the use of machinery. It would appear that men who drive machines have less sentiment than the old style of farm labourer, who possibly had more leisure wherein to indulge his fancies; at any rate, the operative of the present day, who does most of the harvesting, looks with suspicion upon merrymakings of this kind. The bond between him and his master is only what Carlyle used to call "the cash nexus," the same cash nexus that is rapidly becoming the only bond between employers and employed all over the world. We do not seem to mind it much in the factory or the workshop, where so much money is given for so much labour, and in many cases the master is not as much as known to the men by sight; but agriculture, since the days of the ancient nomad shepherds, has always been different from any other calling. He who employed the men also protected them, and did not consider that his duty was done when their wages were handed over. He felt a responsibility for them in sickness and old age, in want and in misfortune. They, knowing this, on their side were far from believing that after yoking time they owed no man service. They were not satisfied to give simply the allotted hours of work for the stipulated amount of wages. Over and beyond that, they had a sense of loyalty to their master, which we regret to see fading away. They considered that his interest was their interest, and often they gave him an affection equal to that which many soldiers, for instance, have for a general like Lord Roberts. But the sorrow is that the constant friction between capital and labour is grinding away all those beautiful old feelings, until toil and wealth are no longer what they used to be, friends and confederates, but armed and angry enemies.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Asquith and her child. Mrs. Asquith is the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and was married in 1894 to the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith.



UNTIL the battle of Liao-Yang the newspaper correspondents did not do much to justify the expense of sending them to the Far East; but of this historic event three accounts have been published which are likely to be used as authorities in the future. One was the graphic story written by the representative of the *Times* and despatched to England after a ride of sixty hours. It must have been written in the greatest haste, and yet its logical arrangement and perfect lucidity, extending over the whole four columns of its length, make it a model of what such despatches should be. But this correspondent was solely with the Japanese forces, of whose strategy, by the way, he does not give so flattering an account as we have had from other sources, and his account requires to be supplemented. Reuter's representative was with the Russian Army, but was left behind in the town, and was able to give an almost equally vivid account from Kuropatkin's point of view. Lastly comes Mr. MacHugh, in the *Daily Telegraph*, who was with Kuroki's army, and has sent to his journal a most enthralling history of the enveloping movement that failed.

Some passages in the letter of the last-mentioned are really heart-rending in their character, and although the sufferers in battle are no kith or kin of ours, they bring home to us the gruesome horrors of war. After the attack on Hun-sa-lin, he remarks that, on that night and the following, "the sky was illuminated by cremation fires in the valley below," and at Hai-yen-Tai "hundreds of dead lay unburied, and the green slopes were so covered with blood-pools that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping in them. The whole hill was littered with broken weapons and articles of clothing and equipment belonging to both armies. Grimmest of all were the hundreds of broken and twisted bayonets, all blood-stained, that lay about in heaps." Even Spion Kop after the battle did not show a more dreadful sight than this.

Admiral Robert Wiren, who has been appointed Commander of the Russian Fleet at Port Arthur, is a very distinguished sailor, on whose future many hopes are founded. During the war he has been captain of the Bayan, almost the only ship on the Russian side which has distinguished itself. He is not very popular with the officers, who nicknamed him "Murderers preferred," because he asked the Admiralty to send him the worst men of the Fleet, out of whom he made the very best sailors in the Russian Navy. Although disliked by the officers, it was the captains of the Russian vessels in Port Arthur who united in asking that he should be their Admiral—a very high tribute, indeed, to his ability. His appointment at this time of day must be regarded as a forlorn-hope; but, on the other hand, he supplies the one thing that has been conspicuously lacking on the Russian side since the commencement of the struggle, and that is to say—brain. During the years of peace it would appear that the heads of the Russian Navy and the heads of the Russian Army were chosen more by favour than by merit, and the consequence has been the succession of disasters which have been unbroken since the beginning of the war. The choice of a commander solely on account of his previous career is a step in the right direction, and if it leads to a thorough purgation of the whole Muscovite system, the blood and money poured out in this struggle will not have been wasted.

One of the many lessons that modern Europe may, as it seems, learn from the Japanese in the art of war is in respect of their hospital service. In the present struggle we are assured that the "first aid to the wounded," as we should call it, is applied with such efficacy that in a large number of cases the patients are found to be cured by the time they arrive at the base, where it was intended that they should have further treatment. Part of this result may, without doubt, be attributed to the purer health of a people that lives so largely on simple vegetable food. On the other hand, the experience of surgeons who have

practised in hospitals in the Far East is that the man of the yellow race is more liable to collapse, after undergoing an operation apparently as favourably as possible, than the European. Unquestionably, science and manual skill, unhampered by any hindrances of old tradition, have already taken the Japanese very far in the art of healing, as in so many others.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written an interesting letter to M. D'Humieres, author of a book called "L'Ile et L'Empire," a volume devoted to a study of the work done in the world by Great Britain. The author praises in particular British energy and capacity for Imperial responsibilities. Mr. Kipling points out that "England is sleeping, ruined by its excess of prosperity, and because it snores loudly imagines itself to be thinking." The connection between snoring and thinking is not very apparent, but he points out shrewdly that the success of our soldiers has depended largely on their being taught to understand that "they must not understand." It might have been put in the words of the late Laureate, "Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." In regard to India, he thinks that the romance lies less in the past than in the present, where the "imperturbable oriental moves among modern machinery, and adores his gods in the shadow of locomotive sheds." This is all very characteristic of Mr. Kipling, and, whether one agrees with it or not, is well worth listening to, as it suggests what it does not fully explain.

More interesting, however, are his notes upon the Anglo-French alliance. It is a true saying that lookers-on see most of the game, and politicians are often in the condition spoken of in the proverb—"they cannot see wood for trees." Mr. Kipling, as an outside spectator, finds much to rejoice over in the Anglo-French Agreement. "If we quarrel," he asks pertinently, "who will profit by it?" And the answer is, "Who but Mediævalism, armed with modern weapons?" which we take to be a paraphrase for Germany. Here, no doubt, Mr. Kipling has touched the issue with a needle. As far as can be judged by the impartial student, France and Great Britain are beyond any other European countries in freedom and culture. Germany, in spite of her boasting, lags behind both countries in the race; and she is going the wrong way to overtake us by cultivating an enmity to this country and to our neighbour. It may or may not lead to a struggle, but it is doing infinite harm in the meantime.

IN MEMORIAM.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE, DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

Let all the roses that remain
After the August wind and rain
Shed teardrops and be sad awhile.
For he is dead who loved them so,
From Damask rose to Jacquinot,
And every sweetbriar bud ablow
In the four quarters of the isle.

Bright-blossomed Marie Henriette,
Are not your leaves and flowers wet,
Although last night there was no rain?
The grass upon my lawn is dry,
But drops are on the Verdier nigh;
And Seven Sisters, near to die,
Have yet got strength enough to sigh,
"Good-bye—until we meet again."

The roses that you loved are bound
Also to All-Men's-Meeting-Ground,
The earth's brown bosom, warm and kind.
Preacher of gentle works and ways,
Lie down to slumber, full of days
And honours, while the roses raise
Triumphal arches in your praise,
And breathe your name upon the wind.

NORA CHESSON.

An interesting correspondence has been going on in one of our contemporaries in regard to the comparative physique of Germans and Englishmen. The controversy at bottom is between two different methods of training. In England we depend on outdoor pastimes and pursuits, which are more or less haphazard, that is to say, no boy or girl is actually compelled to take part in them, and those who refuse to do so, however much they may need exercise, may, if they like, nurse their feebleness at home and become the fathers and mothers of sickly offspring. In Germany the open-air pastimes consist for the most part of listening to a band playing in a beer-garden, which can by no stretch of imagination be called an invigorating amusement. But to make up for it they have conscription, which means a general and compulsory military training. According to one German authority the youngsters go in mere weeds and come out men. It would, nevertheless, be very difficult to compare the relative advantages and disadvantages of the two systems. The military training in Germany has the effect of making all the people more or less automatic and

mechanical. One sees it everywhere, whereas games tend to develop individuality. The only drawback is that everybody does not take part in them. The girls in England, at any rate, receive a much better physical training than they do in Germany.

That peace has its victories as well as war was prettily exemplified when His Majesty the King at once directed that a "Polar Medal" should be struck and awarded to the gallant and successful officers and crew of the Antarctic exploring ship *Discovery*. The record of the expedition, like that of nearly every such voyage to the Southern Pole, is one of success and happy adventure, in bright contrast to the roll of death and disaster, darkness and distress which has too often resulted from efforts to penetrate "farther North," at the opposite axis of the earth. Probably the nearness of the open sea, which forms a base for Antarctic voyages, accounts for the success of the latter. The explorers on the *Discovery* have brought back a series of fossil remains which it is thought will show that, at a previous era of the earth's history, there existed on the South Polar continent both animals and plants which could only have existed in a fairly mild climate. If so, the South Polar regions are a modern example of the recurrence, or first appearance, as the case may be, of a glacial epoch; and the phenomena there seen may perhaps tell us in a measure what took place in the glacial period when the ice moved down from the North and covered Britain and destroyed its animals and plants.

An interesting figure both in politics and sport has passed away in the person of Mr. James Lowther, who for nearly forty years has been continually before the public. Mr. Lowther was not a statesman of the first rank, and the highest office that he held was Secretary for Ireland in those wild days that succeeded the disastrous agricultural year of 1879; but if he was not a statesman, he was a very outspoken critic, with all the virtues as well as the defects of an old-fashioned aristocrat. Neither his opinions nor his prejudices stood in the way, however, of his being a great popular favourite. The Yorkshire working men used to call him Jimmie, and went regularly to him for racing tips, which were very often correct. Mr. Lowther never betted himself, but he kept a racing stable on a modest scale, and was one of the keenest students of form in England. For thirty years he was a member of the Jockey Club, and his influence there was always exerted in the interests of straightforward and honest sport. It would be difficult to point to anyone who is exactly capable of filling the place rendered vacant by his death.

From a letter which has been published from the Postmaster-General, it seems possible that a system of cash on delivery will be within a reasonable date introduced in the Post Office. Lord Stanley is very cautious about the matter, and asks for more evidence, while he admits that he has carefully considered all expressions of opinion sent to him on the subject, whether favourable or unfavourable. So far, these opinions have mostly come from traders, their representatives, and other commercial people. The Postmaster-General asks for the opinions of a wider class; but, in the meantime, he ends by telling us "that the evidence which has been obtained from abroad clearly indicates that the system is likely to meet, in many ways, the convenience of all classes of the community." We cannot be far wrong, therefore, in assuming that a system of cash on delivery by the Post Office is under deliberation, and may possibly be established during the next session of Parliament.

In a witty and not less wise speech to Yorkshire breeders and exhibitors of horses, Lord Newton remarked that the Boer War showed us, first, that the Boers got much more out of their horses than we did out of ours; and, secondly, that the foreigner got a great deal more out of us, when he sold us horses, than we liked, or believed was possible. The reason was that economic reasons did not allow the farmer to breed the class of horse wanted for cavalry and mounted infantry at a profit to himself. Consequently, said Lord Newton, the country ought to be ready to help the breeder a little. "Where is the money to come from?" will be the natural question. To this the speaker had an answer ready to hand. He had served on the Commission dealing with betting, composed of various lords and one bishop, and was convinced that whatever the state of trade, horse-racing and betting would always be flourishing industries. His proposal was to make these two industries contribute to a fund to encourage horse-breeding. The bookmakers, he said, were "positively longing to be taxed," because it would legalise their business!

The "silver streak" of the Channel seems very jealous of all man's attempts to cross it without other aid than the limbs given him by nature. Had the weather been but a little more kindly on the night of Wednesday of last week there is no moral doubt that the swimmer Burgess would have equalled Webb's performance, that has stood unrivalled for so many years, in swimming across the Channel, and would have beaten it very

easily in the pace of his progress. Weidman, who has similar ambitions with Burgess, has had the generosity to say that he believes if any man swims the Channel, it will be Burgess. The latter was quite near the French coast when the increasing roughness of the water compelled him to give up; but even so he did a great athletic performance.

Complaints have been so many, on the part of people who have introduced Loch Leven trout into their ponds and ornamental waters, of the tendency of these fish, after a few years, to deteriorate in quality, and to cease rising to the fly, that it is quite pleasant to hear of an exception to this generally evil behaviour of the "Loch Levens." In certain lochs in the Outer Hebrides, where the Loch Leven trout have been established for years and years, they continue to show sport to the fly after growing to a great size. In some of the more peaty waters they have taken on an assimilative dark colour, but their flesh is firm and pink and good, and they retain unmistakable characteristics of their ancestors. Probably the conditions of life in those island lochs are far more like those to which heredity has accustomed them than they generally find in the Southern waters to which they are so often imported.

AFTERWARDS.

When, spirit-like, she moved among
The world's material, restless throng,
He met her beauty day by day,
And passed it by and went his way.

But when he came and saw her dead,
With the white flowers about her head,
He knew—left alien and alone—
His and the dead soul's life were one.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

The working life of a railway engine, or of any locomotive, is a matter of the first importance to the owner, and in this respect British work has held the first place since the invention of the steam-engine. The last example quoted is a record, compiled from the daily figures kept in the workshops of the North British Railway. Three passenger engines and one goods engine ran, on an average, some 115,000 miles each without ever having to come into the "shop" for repairs. One of the passenger engines covered 159,733 miles without developing any weakness at all, and was out and on the lines for thirty-four months literally without a screw becoming loose. A good deal is said of the costliness of English work, but it can at least claim to be enduring. There is, practically speaking, no "shoddy" work in English mechanical engineering, and there never has been. It is on record that the engines have occasionally been taken out of the hull of one ship and put into another, as being still in working order, when the vessel itself was no longer serviceable. Like the old men-of-war, which were such beds of oak timber that they never decayed, our modern machinery seems made to last for ever.

It is said that 45,000 picture post-cards were sold at a fashionable watering-place last year. Why people should regard the taste for sending these cards as a "craze" it is difficult to see. It is very natural that those who are enjoying a holiday should wish to let their friends, especially children and young people, know what the places are like that they visit, and to give them some idea of their beauty and attractions. Very few people are good at writing descriptive prose in letters, and if they are, it takes too much time. Letter-writing during holidays is rather an unfair tax, as a rule, so they buy picture post-cards, and for a shilling can tell half their family and intimate friends more about the objects of interest and scenery than they could on reams of letter-paper. Children rejoice in receiving picture post-cards, as they carry out all the detail which is so dear to them, and even the windows of the rooms where their friends sleep can be duly identified!

That money, in the form of coin, should be a comparatively recent invention, if we may use the word, seems too odd to be true. But we are reminded of the fact by the news, sent from Turkey in Asia, that a German archeologist has just obtained the oldest coin in existence, which only dates from the ninth century before the Christian era. It was from the mint, if the expression may be used of such an early date, of an Aramean king of Schamol. This oldest known coin is, we believe, about twelve centuries older than the oldest existing book. But coins, being made of the precious metals, are enormously durable. Some of the earliest and best coins of the Mediterranean basin are those of the old Greek colony of Cyzicus, on the Hellespont, and probably the oldest existing piece of metal-work of which the date is known is the tripod, made to celebrate the victory of Platea by the Greeks over the Persians. The golden ball which it supported is gone. But the tripod itself, designed to imitate twisted serpents, is still kept in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

THE LIONS OF THE SEA.

A DEEP guttural roar, far reaching, penetrating, came out of the very heart of a mountain; a sucking, hissing, groaning sound terrifying in its intensity; a roar like the crack of Shimose powder, and echoes that overran one another and formed a deafening babel of sounds. I had stood in the strett of a monitor when the ring was breaking ear-drums, and been deafened by the hissing of a colossal water-spout not so distant, had listened to the wild shriek of a hurricane through the cordage of a half-recked ship almost on her beam ends; in a word, had heard sound at its very worst under varying circumstances, yet these memories went down before the appalling detonations and reverberations which came from this sea-cave that had eaten its way through to the very centre of a mountain and become the lair of the lions of the sea.

Capri may be more beautiful, but not more impressive, than this lions' den of the Pacific coast, off Santa Barbara. The entrance is a tall pseudo-Gothic arch fifty or more feet in height, in the eastern spur of a mountain on Santa Cruz Island. It is guarded by great masses of laminated rocks, which coil like monster snakes in the erratic flow of the tidal currents. It is not exposed to the full force of the wind; indeed, the entrance is often calm, but the waves or ground swells come sweeping on around Point Diablo, and without breaking roll into the splendid cave, closing for the moment some of its entrances and sweeping on into the labyrinth beneath the island mountain—a maze said by the superstitious toilers here who go down to the sea in ships to reach out far under the island, a statement which the noises at least justify.

The first chamber, a noble arched hall, is decorated with splendid tints of Nature's painting—red, white, yellow, and blue, splashed and blended into a medley of shades. From this the boat glides into a second and larger chamber, at the end of which a black hole is seen, just large enough to permit the boat to enter with oars taken in. While we watch a swell comes rolling in from without and strikes this entrance, completely closing it. As it passes in, or a small part of it, the orifice again appears, releasing the medley of hideous sounds which the imagination of a Dante might have conjured up. The boat was rowed to the entrance, and held while several seas rolled through, then as it came clear, oars were jerked in and the boat was pushed through, and floated in the largest chamber in complete darkness. A flambeau was lighted, but the roof could not be seen, nor could the bottom be reached with poles and

oars, nor could the dimensions of the cave be determined, as it had ramifications which, judging by the sounds, extended in every direction.

These distant chambers, and the submerged rocks in the large one, were the home of the sea-lion. The moment our presence was known the big bulls sounded the alarm. Their roars were caught and answered from distant chambers, all blending and forming a pandemonium of sounds. The barks and roars were tossed back and forth from the rocky sides of the cave, until they appeared to join and were lost in one continuous roar, broken only by the splash of the huge animals as they plunged from the rocky shelves around the edge of the cave and dashed through the water for the outlet that looked like a star, the darkness being so intense that their bodies were outlined with phosphorescence.

A more uncanny place can hardly be imagined, yet it is one of the most interesting lion dens on the coast, and in the very heart of what might be termed the sea-lion country. We were hunting this big game with the camera instead of the rifle, and as the animals are attacked only by a few vandals, they are remarkably tame. In a few moments the sea-lions were driven out of the large chamber, and we followed them into the open sunshine, and saw the herd just ahead of us swimming off.

shore, the bulls looking round and uttering defiant barks and roars. Soon after we watched them climb a ledge of rocks at the foot of a steep cliff that rose sheer from the sea, a large bull leading the way.

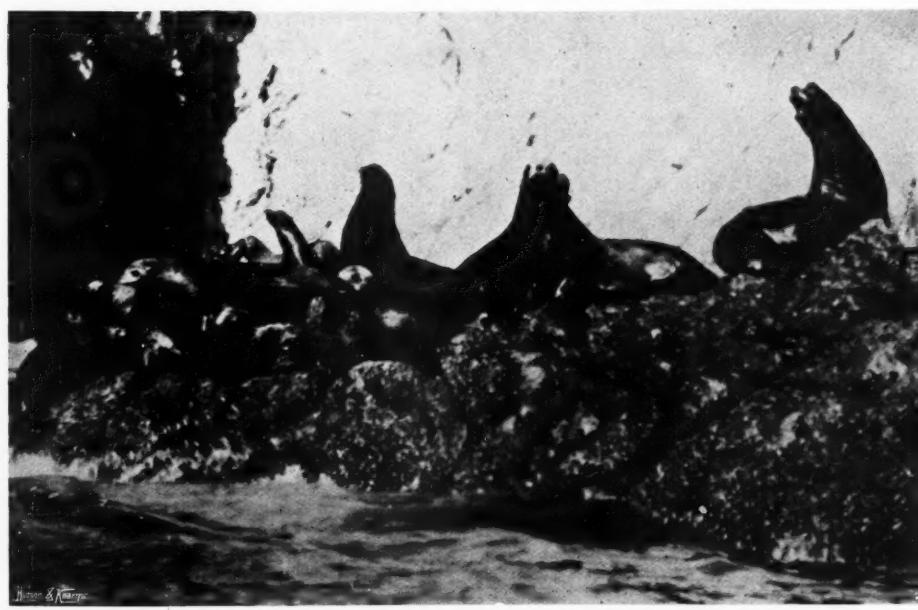
In the forest of seaweed the sea-lion lurks and basks, lying amid its folds, resting upon its side with flippers fanning the air, or darting through the emerald halls in search of prey. Some were now playing among the fronds, disappearing as the boat approached; but the main herd on the ledge stood their ground, the big bull, the king of the herd, tossing his head upward as though posing, pointing at the sky, an action which doubled his huge neck into wrinkles, giving him the appearance of a gigantic grub. There were perhaps twenty in the herd lying easily on the kelp-covered rocks, the females asleep, lying prone

and seemingly lifeless; the bulls, old and young, readily recognised by their large size, with heads aloft, occasionally uttering loud discordant barks.

I had the boatmen row me in quickly, and sprang upon the slippery ledge between the lions and the sea, placing myself about soff. from the king. He eyed me lazily at first, then as I made a move towards him he uttered a loud bellowing roar that brought every sea-lion to attention. The females swung round and began



THE BULL LION LED THE WAY.



THE ENTIRE HERD CHARGED ME DOWN THE ROCKS.

[Sept. 17th, 1904.]



HE TOSED HIS HEAD UPWARDS.

to edge down to the water, while the big bull, with open mouth, showing his ugly, dog-like fangs, sounded the challenge, and the herd charged me down the rocks, uttering roars which echoed back from rock to rock, appalling to the observer in ignorance of the courage limit of sea-lions. I stood until they were within a few feet of me, and photographed the bull with a small Kodak as he came on with open mouth, teeth gleaming, so near that I could see the deep red of his inner mouth; then as he came sliding down the kelp toboggan, discretion being the better part of valour when one is armed with a Kodak, I stepped back, and he went roaring on into the water, followed by the herd, rising a few feet away to hurl a volley of growls at me, then leading the herd to the kelp in a little snug corner, from which vantage they watched us, doubtless returning as we pulled away.

I doubt if a bull sea-lion would attack a man unless closely cornered; but they have all the appearance of savage rage, and, especially if the hunter is between them and the sea, their onward rush may well be construed into an attack. Yet, despite the apparent rage and ferocity of the bulls, I think if the man held his ground the lion would stop within a few feet. When I backed off from this bull I feared that he would slide over and crush me, or bowl me over on the rocks, which were so covered with weed that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet. A large sea-lion, with a body as large as a bull or an ox, if it possessed the courage, could easily kill an unarmed man; but I believe it lacks that element of courage to enable it to make the assault.

The haunts of the sea-lion on the

island of Santa Cruz are very interesting and picturesque, and the continual barking rises above the roar of the sea on the windward side. I located eight or more rookeries here. Some were almost inaccessible, and only reached by watching the seas, leaping on to the rocks, the boat immediately pushing off. The sea-lions would at first retreat, then, thinking themselves trapped, would turn and come on with roars of rage or fear, and slide down the slopes into the sea. On one of these resting-places many of the sea-lions of Eastern Zoological Gardens are taken. The men select this locality, as it is possible to drive the lions into a *cul-de-sac*, and hold them, where they are taken. The method is to rope or lasso them, skilled Mexican vaqueros being employed for the purpose.

On one bright day, when the sun had cut the dense fog and dissipated it, a band of these sea-lion-hunters passed the yacht and drew up opposite the rookery. They had a number of cars, roughly slatted, which they put overboard, towing them near the rocks and anchoring the boat thirty or forty feet clear. A light boat was then backed in, and four vaqueros, watching their opportunity amid the high seas, leaped upon the ledge or shelf

of the cliff that is eternally beaten by the sea and wind. The lions moved back, the bulls barking hoarsely, retreating with reluctance and defiance, the vaqueros advancing slowly, clearing a foothold on the kelp-covered rocks. At last the herd is cornered; the bulls turn like rats and charge, and through the air, like snakes, go the riatas. One misses, but two drop over the heads of a bull and a cow, and the men spring forward and take turns about the rocks, while giving sea-roar to the animals.



THEY DROWNED THE WIND WITH ROARING.

that roll over, barking, screaming in guttural protest. One reaches the water and rolls over and over in the kelp. Another falls down, helpless, into a crevice. Other riasas are tossed, and after much hard labour and manœuvring, in which one of the men is knocked overboard, the lions are reduced to submission, and bound.

It is unsafe to approach them, as the sharp and powerful canine teeth are constantly in evidence. When completely in hand, they are dragged to the water, the cars are towed up, the victims lowered into them, and the covers put on. This accomplished, the car is towed out and around to the anchorage of the larger boat, and hoisted aboard by block and tackle, the sea-lions being ready caged or shipment to any part of the country or Europe.

I found several large sea-lion rookeries on San Nicholas Island, one of the most wind-swept of the entire group. Rarely are the seas quiet here, and so violent are the wind-gods that the island bids fair to be blown into the sea. There was but one man on San Nicholas. He had a shanty on the south coast near the beach, on the borders of the largest sea-lion rookery. As I stood with him, the roar of the lions, which came down the fierce wind, almost drowned the sound of the surf that was piling in. The man said he was afraid of the sea-lions, as they came around his cabin when the sea was high, and moaned and roared; but he could not live higher up, as he feared the wind might blow him into the water; as it was, his roof was ballasted with huge rocks.

At Santa Catalina Island there are a number of large sea-lion rookeries, and, of greater interest, the ancient rookery of a sea-elephant herd, killed off in 1850. The largest rookery here is on the south end of the island, which is twenty-two miles in length, and rises to an altitude of 2,200ft. in the centre, being literally a mountain range at sea, with the same precipitous cliffs that are seen at Santa Cruz. Here there are possibly fifty sea-lions, mostly females, with four or five large bulls. They have been unmolested so long that they merely gaze with idle curiosity upon the camera hunter, and allow

him to approach so near that they can almost be touched, the old bulls barking or roaring a protest, and taking to the water only when one leaps fairly into the herd.

These sea-lions are the largest and "best groomed" of any on the coast, and the positions they assume when being photographed would suggest that they are posing. Their air is one of disdain—the head held well back, the nose pointed directly upward, or even thrown so far back that it rests upon the back. The females particularly affect airs which may be coquettish in the sea-lion vernacular. If the tameness of this rookery impresses one, the result of some fishing trips in the vicinity is even more startling. I have had a sea-lion persistently follow me, standing upright in the water about 5ft. down, eyeing my every movement with its big, black, expressive eyes. When a cast was made it cleverly severed the sardine or herring bait, unhooking it as well as I could have done.

Such sea-lions exasperate the gill-net fishermen along this coast by visiting the nets and taking the catch. I have watched a sea-lion for some time to observe its methods. It took its stand in a kelp-bed about 100ft. from a gill-net, amusing itself by lying in the laminarian tree-tops, basking in the sun, fanning the air with its side flippers. This would be kept up for half-an-hour, when the animal would dive and go to the net, taking out every fish, often leaving the heads, generally returning to the kelp-bed with one large fish, which it would toss into the air and play with as a cat does a mouse. After waiting for more fish to enter the gill-net this intelligent creature made another round. Rowing to the net with the

highly-indignant Portuguese fisherman, I saw the sea-lion swim along the net and take out the fishes one by one with great complacency. They were all gilled, and if they could not be pulled out tail first they would be bitten off, then the wily sea-lion would dive under and seize them from the opposite side.

Nothing can exceed the grace of these sea-lions in the water. They move with marvellous rapidity, dashing along with the speed of light: a black symmetrical shadow, a streak of dark, and they are gone. The fore flippers are the motor organs,



GAZING WITH IDLE CURIOSITY.

and work with great rapidity, the hind legs apparently being closed. The sea-lion is a helpless, ungainly creature on land, moving like an inch worm in a succession of humps, literally "inching" along in a painful manner, reaching the higher rocks above the sea after a difficult struggle; but once in the ocean it is able to cope with nearly all the fast-swimming fishes, and its specific gravity can be so delicately adjusted that it remains in any position. Its skill in following a fisherman is consummate. I have known an angler to troll for two or three hours and go in boasting that he had lost twenty or thirty baits, but could not



FEMININE AIRS AND GRACES.

hook the fish. The latter was a sea-lion, a sport-spoiling Nemesis, which followed him constantly, breathing by rising just to the surface, the soft velvet skin touching it, not causing a ripple that would betray the presence of the 300lb. or 400lb. bait-eater.

It might be assumed that so bold and vigorous a herd of fish-eaters would be a dire menace to the game fishes of the region infested; but, on the contrary, what is in all probability the finest fishing ground in American waters is that patrolled by the sea-lions of several schools. The secret is that they seek

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their food mainly among the kelp, darting upon fishes that also affect it, rarely chasing the large bass or yellowtail that affect deep water or its surface near the rocks, though I have seen a sea-lion chase a yellowtail which must have weighed 30 lb., and catch it. The intelligence of the sea-lions is best displayed in surrounding schools of small fishes. Upon one occasion I watched two driving a small school of sardines inshore. They

made no attempt to attack them until they had cornered them in a small bay. My position was on the cliff 200 ft. above, from which I had a perfect bird's-eye view of the attack. When well inshore, the sea-lions began to swim rapidly about the school, gradually reducing their circles until they had the fishes completely terrified, and in a globular form perhaps 10 ft. across. This must have been nearly a solid mass of fish. This consummated, they turned and dashed through the mass, doubtless catching them by the mouthful. Then they again circled the school, the act reminding me of the skill of a billiard player who continually nurses his balls, never allowing them to separate. I watched the tragedy for half-an-hour or more, when the school was so depleted that the sea-lions swam away.

At this island there are several well-defined rookeries—two at Sea-lion Rock on the south coast, and two on the south-west coast. When a herd increases, the bulls leave with their harem and start another rookery. In May and June they retire to the sandy beach at the south end, where the young are born. This beach is almost inaccessible, a heavy sea sweeping it; hence the young are unmolested. I landed here to see if the sea-lions would make a stand to protect the young, but it was a most palpable bluff; there is no other word to express it. As I advanced, the bulls of the various groups presented a most ferocious front, and one came towards me, galloping along with mouth open; but when I ran at it, instead of retreating, it turned, and with loud roars, which meant that the others should follow, reached the water, and the entire herd swam out into the surf, leaving the helpless young upon the sand.



BASKING IN THE SUN.

They hovered about in the water, returning when I withdrew.

The young are interesting miniatures of the parents. After a moment of patting and scratching on top of the head they followed me over the sand with a whining cry, showing they could be easily domesticated. As a rule, the sea-lions feed at night, and lie and bask in the sun by day. At seven or eight o'clock, or soon after sundown, the rocks of the rookery will be

deserted, the herd, old and young, starting out, and racing up the island shore, feeding on the way. They enter Avalon Bay at nine, or thereabouts, and often arouse the echoes and the stranger within the portals by their barking. Sometimes a herd of a dozen or more will merely skirt the bay at a rapid rate of speed, bounding half out of the water like porpoises, continually uttering loud and discordant roars. If the rejectamenta of the fishermen's catch has been thrown overboard, they will tarry for an hour or more, devouring it all amid loud cries.

To stand on a bluff and watch the sea-lions at this time is well worth the time expended, as the water is illumined with phosphorescence, and every move of the powerful animals seems to ignite it as with the touch of Midas, and their trails become paths of silver or gold. Sometimes the sea-lions remain in the bay all night, giving a vociferous concert, and eating every ounce of fish refuse cast overboard, thus constituting an effective police, supplemented by scores of gulls that invariably hover about them during the day, obtaining their share of the spoils, then returning to the shore to watch the fishermen until they feed these wild lions again. Some sea-lions feed in the daytime, and pay no attention to lookers on. On one occasion my boatman was cleaning fish, and when he held it overboard and shook it vigorously to wash it off, a large sea-lion rose and snatched it from his hands and made off, amid the laughter of the observers.

Up to 1850 what is now known as Cabrillo, a town at the isthmus on Santa Catalina, was a sea-elephant rookery, the last being destroyed by Scammon and his men; and so assiduously have they been hunted, that few, if any, are left on the Pacific



LEAVING THEIR YOUNG ON THE BEACH AND TAKING TO THE WATER.

Slope to tell the story. The bull sea-lions are huge animals, often 10ft. in length, weighing 1,000lb., but they were dwarfed by the sea-elephant, whose nose is so elongated that when inflated, when the animal is enraged, it has the appearance of a short trunk or proboscis. Some bull sea-elephants weigh over a ton, and are 30ft. in length. Their size, peculiar appearance, and the value of their oil, made them conspicuous objects, and they have virtually disappeared.

The sea-lions along the California coast have few enemies. They prey upon the salmon and other great schooling fish in the

North, it is said, and in turn fall victims to the large sharks and the ferocious orca, which is a menace to all animals of the sea. The latter has been known to seize a large sea-lion that was hanging over the edge of a rock, while a man-eater shark, taken at Soquel, on the California coast, contained the entire body of a 100lb. sea-lion, suggesting its tastes.

The law affords these fine animals ample protection, at least in Southern California, and they are rapidly increasing, and to the stranger constitute one of the most attractive features of life on the shores of the Pacific.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

MODERN HARVESTING.

If the spirits of our forefathers could be conjured back from their resting-places, the photographs which we show in this article would amaze and astonish them. Take, as an example, the first one of the series, in which is illustrated the very latest method of reaping corn; that is to say, not only is a reaper substituted for the old sickle, but a new mechanical power is brought into action, and it is driven by an Ivel motor. It well may be that in the course of a few years this



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REAPING WITH A MOTOR.

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sight will be common throughout the length and breadth of England. The motor has already been proved to be of the greatest service on the farm, and further improvements will, no doubt, render it so effective that agriculturists will not be able to afford to do without it. It has the additional merit of being a sort of maid-of-all-work. An objection which the poorer class of farmers have to machinery is that it costs a considerable amount of money and is idle for the greater part of the year. With thrashing-machines the difficulty has been easily solved, or, rather, has solved itself. Thrashing can be done in any month or season of the year, and so a travelling steam-thrasher can go round from farm to farm and do the work of several holdings without inconvenience. But corn, when it has to be cut on one farm, has also to be cut on many others; so that it is not practicable to do the cutting in succession, at least, on a large scale. But, on small farms, there is no reason whatever why a machine should not go round and cut each crop as it grows ripe. A day would suffice easily for the average amount of grain on a small holding, and on very small holdings half a day would be enough; so that, in the course of a fortnight, one machine could do the whole work, and the cost of it could be divided amongst the holders. The motor does not suffer from the objection that it represents unproductive capital. On the contrary, it is as adaptable as a horse, and can as easily be turned from one job to another. After the reaping is done and the grain is harvested, it can drive a plough, grind the feeding-

stuffs, saw the wood, and perform a hundred other services for which horses are not fitted. In that way, though the preliminary outlay may be considerable, the motor will repay itself in the end.

In contrast with the motor, we show reaping done by horses

in a style that we remember to have been new, though already

it has become old-fashioned. Not so long ago, this itself was

regarded as a curiosity and novelty in country rural districts—a

thing possessed only by the most enterprising farmers.

Now, alack, its days are numbered, and soon these homely,

steadfast-looking horses will have to be consigned to other employments.

Our third picture is published not for the

purpose of illustrating modern harvesting, but because it represents a scene

very beautiful and typical of English

country life. Here are the square fields

that we know so well, with the hedge-rows dividing them, and the tall and

massive trees set at intervals for beauty

and shelter, and in them are the rows of

stocks standing exactly as stocks used

to stand after the corn had been cut by

a merry band of harvesters now sleeping

in the village churchyard, and bound

by strong arms that now have become

relaxed for ever. Not much change is

to be discerned in the buildings, although

a patent stacker is at work, and the

sheds are much what they used to be.

They are surrounded with stacks, the

result of an abundant hay supply, soon

to be reinforced, let us hope, by a goodly

array of cornricks. Our last picture,

a very successful one, by the by,

shows the method of "leading" and

stacking pursued on the modern

homestead. The waggons are still laden in the old way,

and we do not know that any contrivance has been

found to supplant the man with the fork who tosses the

sheaves into the cart or waggon. Commonly enough, one

hears arguments in rural districts as to which is the hardest

agricultural labour. Most of the old rustics agree that forking

corn is really the most difficult and tiring task that they

can be set to, though there are some that vow their bones are



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THE REAPER IN THE HOME FIELD.

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MORNING IN THE HARVEST FIELDS.

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sorer after a day's mowing. Perhaps the most wearying of all duties, and the one that gives rise to most pains, is that of catching old ewes and forcing them into the water at washing-time. The animals struggle so that they strain muscles not called into action by the ordinary work of the farm. Perhaps, however, if the men were used to handling the old ewes they would not find it as hard, and forking corn would be without dispute regarded as the heaviest labour. In the latter instance, substitutes have been tried for manual labour, but there is none

that has been so satisfactory as to come into general use. The business of getting the corn on to the rick, however, which used to be equally difficult, and in fact is precisely the same sort of work, is now done by an elevator, the motive power being supplied in the case before us by a horse. We were somewhat amused the other day while watching a stack being built in this way. One of the men, who was a little timid, wished to descend from the stack in a hurry, and, there being no ladder, it was proposed to let him down by means of the elevator. The rate of speed was, of course, controlled by the horse at the bottom, and if by any chance it had made a spurt, he would have descended with a run. However, all's well that ends well. The animal kept its wonted course, and no harm was done.

Looking at these various contrivances, one cannot help making the reflection that they are in a remarkable manner rendering the farmer more independent than he used to be of human hands. We do not think that the labourer regrets it on his own account, because he is much more averse to hard labour than were his predecessors. It is a common complaint among those who employ them that all the men wish to obtain the lighter tasks of the farm, and it is very difficult to find any willing to perform those which are really hard and laborious. Indeed, it would not be going too far to say that the labourer of the present day, who is educated in a manner most unsuitable to the work he has to do, looks upon very hard work as something of a humiliation. At any rate, he would much rather sit on the driving-seat of a reaper than go binding behind the shearers, and sooner take charge of an elevator than toss the hay or corn on to the stack.



J. T. Newman.

THE ELEVATOR AT WORK.

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MUSHROOMS AND HOW THEY GROW.

WHAT is the difference between a mushroom and a toadstool?" and "How can they be known apart?" are questions that have often been asked me. The answer that I always make is that there is no difference between them, and that they cannot be known apart, for they are one and the same thing.

The name "toadstool" is one that has for years been commonly applied to all those species of mushrooms that are not known to be edible. In fact, the only "mushrooms" that are known by the majority of people are the common edible field species, *Agaricus campestris* and *Agaricus Rodmani*. The former is the better known, as being the one most often



ON A DAMP WALL.

found in markets, the one that is grown specially for table use. But to say that all the rest of the mushrooms are "toadstools," and therefore unfit to eat, is a base libel against the fungi, for many of them are not only edible, but far surpass in delicacy of flavour those that are commonly used. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," however, and anyone who does not know the mushrooms had better let one who does choose those for eating purposes, for many of them contain a virulent poison; and, although this has been known for centuries, still, cases of poisoning are numerous enough, and sufficient deaths result therefrom to inspire in the timid a dread of all



THE SO-CALLED OYSTER MUSHROOM.

fungus growths. It is difficult, too, unless one is well acquainted with them, to tell the difference between the poisonous and the edible species; so it is best not to experiment with them until we have learned which is which.

That for many centuries epicures have used certain of the fungi as an article of food is evidenced by ancient writings. The Greeks and Romans held them in very high esteem, giving careful attention to the most favourable times and places for gathering them, and to the best methods for preparing them for the table. Indeed, so much did they think of one species in particular, that they named it after the Emperor Cæsar, "Cæsar's Mushroom," and called it also "Food for the Gods," "Imperial Mushroom," and other like names.

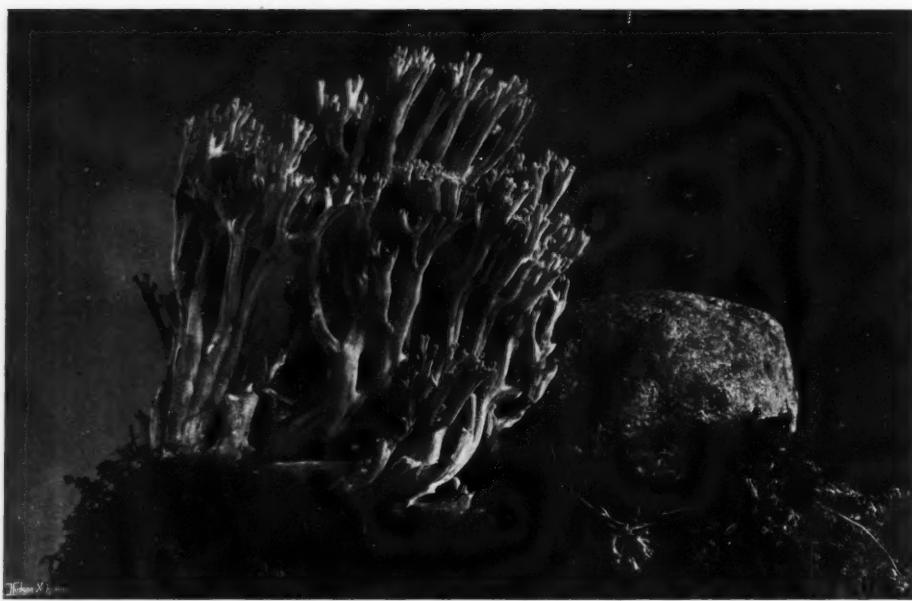
Juvenal speaks of one Roman enthusiast who was so much in love with these growths as articles of food that he was known to exclaim: "Keep your corn, O Libya, unyoke your oxen, provided only you send us mushrooms." But Horace's statement that only the mushrooms growing in fields are good, and that one can place but little confidence in any other kind, would not be agreed to by the mushroom-lovers of the present day, for they find edible and even delectable species in all conceivable places.

To many people the fungus growths are gruesome and uncanny, suggestive of dark and unhealthy places, and as such are avoided by them. They are often held in abhorrence,



ONE OF THE POISONOUS BOLETI.

[Sept. 17th, 1904]



THE CORAL FUNGUS.

and in such manner have been used at different times in poetry and prose, as the emblem of utter loathsomeness.

"And Agaries and fungi, with
mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet
ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying
dead
With a spirit of growth had been
animated,"

was Shelley's idea of them in his "Sensitive Plant"; while Spenser, in his "Faërie Queene," wrote :

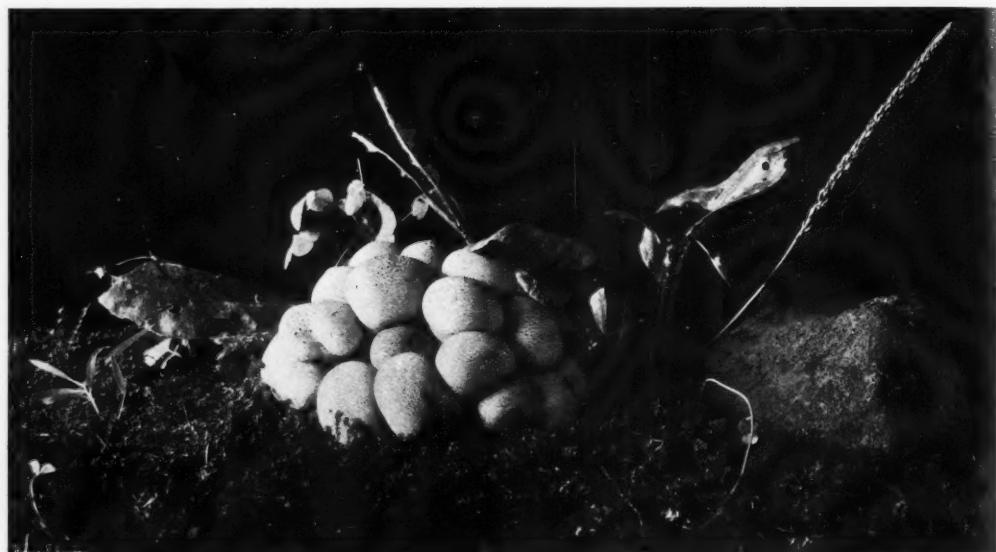
"The grisley todestool grown there
mought I see,
And loathed paddocks (toads)
lording on the same."

But fungi are not always these gruesome objects, for many of them are beautiful in form and colouring; and although many of them spring from decaying vegetables, and even, occasionally, animal matter, still, they do not all grow in the damp, dark places assigned to them, but are found, as well, in open, sunny spots. They are, however, the grotesques of Nature, and grow in many and surprising forms. The best known, of course,

are those commonly called toadstools or mushrooms, but the mildew, the mould on food, the rusts and smuts of grain fields, the dry rot, which crumbles timber and causes old wood in dark places to glow with a phosphorescent light, are all fungus growths. The larger and more common forms are varied in colour and shape, and a great many of them, as I have already said, are very beautiful. These are mostly to be found in open woods and fields, where grow the green and red russulas, vieing with the flowers in their brilliancy of colouring. On the fallen tree trunks are the clavarie, coral fungus, with their many branches of dainty pinks, violets, and yellows, while the hydnus, or bears' heads, and those large bracket-shaped forms, encircle and stand out from old stumps and even living trees.

In the dry pastures and along roadsides grow the puff-balls, which no child can pass without stepping upon to see the brown dust which puffs up from them like so much smoke. These are nearly all edible,

and, when young, make extremely delicate tit-bits for any table. In fact, fungus growths can be found any and every



ONE OF THE SPECIES OF PUFF-BALLS.

where that there is organic matter for them to feed upon, for this they must have, as they have lost the power which all green plants have of feeding upon inorganic matter.

It would be a difficult matter to define fungi definitely so as to include all the different varieties, especially in so short an article; but it is sufficient to say that they are lower in the plant kingdom than the mosses, and that they are plants having no chlorophyll (the green colouring matter of plants, and the only agent known that has the power to turn lifeless matter into living organisms) and bearing no flowers or seeds. They reproduce themselves by means of very fine dust-like bodies, which are called spores. The "smoke" which arises from a "ripe" puff-ball, when it is struck, is composed of millions of these spores, and each spore will form a new plant if it falls on favourable ground. It can easily be seen that, should every spore fulfil the purpose of its being, this world would soon be overrun with fungi; but, as probably not one in every thousand comes to maturity, they never become so numerous as to be a nuisance.

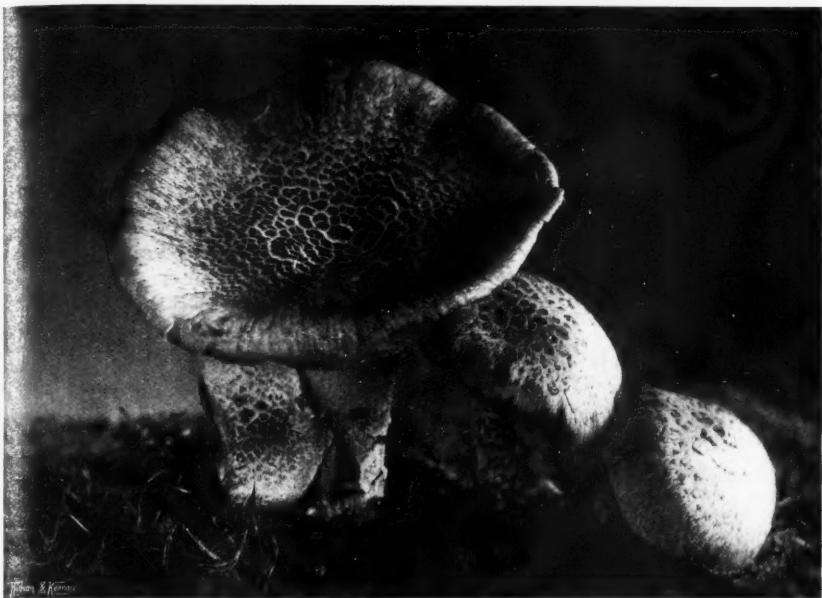
Should we wish to examine these spores closely with a magnifying glass,



TWO FUNGI OF DIFFERENT SPECIES GROWING ON A DEAD STUMP.

we have but to take the cap of any mushroom, and place it right side up on a piece of white paper, letting it remain there for a couple of days. When it is raised, it will be found that the spores have been deposited on the paper, forming a perfect picture of the radiating gills of the mushroom cap.

The fairy rings of mushrooms, which are more or less common sights of our fields and grass-covered hillsides, and



THE COMMON EDIBLE SPECIES.

which were once accounted for in various mysterious and fanciful ways before the existence of fairy-folk came to be doubted by a more incredulous generation, are now easily explained. One fungus plant growing alone will soon exhaust all the soil beneath it of all fungus food, and of all the spores which this plant produces, only those falling outside this impoverished spot will take root, thus producing a distinct ring of mushrooms. Again, only those spores falling outside this ring will find food, and so the ring grows in circumference, until it sometimes reaches considerable proportions before dying out altogether.

Fungi are divided into three distinct and well-marked classes. The first class, the algae-like fungi (*Phycomycetes*), includes bread-moulds, and those fungi which cause diseases of plants and animals, such as the mildew, the potato rot, the common white mould which fastens dead flies to the walls, and that fungus which appears on some fish, causing them to die in great numbers. The growth of this fungus is fine and delicate. When it first appears on bread it shows fine, transparent threads, which constitute the plant; later, small black spore cases appear; these increase in numbers until the bread is turned from white to black, from an appetising morsel to a repulsive mass.

The second class, the spore-sac fungi, produce their spores in membranous sacs, and they vary greatly in size, habit, and structure. The majority, however, are inconspicuous, and the one which makes the yeast by which our bread is "raised" is an example of the useful kind, while the ones which cause the peach leaves to wither and rust, and the black knots to appear on cherry and peach branches, is an example of the destructive kind.

The third class comprises all those fungi which bear their spores on little spicules standing up on large cells. In this class are found all the conspicuous species, and these are the ones that are most interesting to know.

And now, how does a fungus grow? As I have already said, fungi are reproduced from spores, which are not true seeds. These spores are composed of a single cell, which, when warmed and moistened, swells and finally divides into two cells. These two cells continue to absorb food through their walls, and divide

until a long string of cells is formed, which looks, to the naked eye, much like a thread. This thread is called a hypha, and a mass of them is known as a mycelium.

The mycelium is nourished on decaying organic matter, and continues to grow until, at certain points, the hypha gather together into little balls. These are at first no larger than a small pin-head, but they grow rapidly until they are about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then, if it is to be a mushroom or toadstool, a minute stem appears on the ball, and both rapidly increase in size until the ball is pushed above the soil and expands into the cap or pileus of the mushroom. If the ball is to become a puff-ball, however, then no stem appears; it simply continues to grow until it forces itself out of the ground in the shape that we see it. Mushrooms appear as if by magic, some of them springing up in a single night where there was no sign of them the day previous, for, with the majority of them, the greater part of their growth is accomplished underground. The members of one genus actually live but a day, appearing above ground and attaining full growth in the night, and before another nightfall they are nothing but masses of black, sticky decay. From this fact they are known as the ink-caps, and, strange as it may seem, they are all of them edible and very delicious, although, naturally, they should be gathered in the early morning when young, and before the process of decay has begun.

Another genus which may easily be distinguished, and with any of the members of which the novice in mushroom-eating may safely experiment, for they are none of them poisonous, is the clavariæ, the coral fungi. These are easily known by their upright, many-branched growths, and are all of them very beautiful.

With all the rest, however, he had better not meddle, unless he knows them perfectly; for there is no rule that can be laid down by which the edible species can be distinguished from the poisonous. The old rule that all poisonous mushrooms will change colour when the flesh of the cap is broken, and that the freshly broken flesh, laid against a silver spoon, will discolour it, is all nonsense; for many edible mushrooms act in this manner, while many poisonous ones do not.

Two of our most poisonous species are of the genus amanita. They are the poison amanita or death cup (*Amanita phalloides*) and the fly amanita (*Amanita muscaria*). The poison contained in the former is known as phallin, one of the tox-albumins, the poisons that are secreted by rattlesnakes and other venomous animals, and which are the cause of death in cases of cholera and diphtheria. There is no known antidote to phallin, and, if one has eaten of this mushroom, the only chance for his life is



ONE OF THE LARGEST FUNGI NOT POISONOUS.

by the immediate use of the stomach-pump; then, if the amount of the poison already absorbed into the system is not too great, he may recover. The latter is a conspicuous and handsome species, named from the fact that something about it attracts the flies, but to their death; and around every plant may be found a circle of these insects, dead. It is known to have caused the death of Czar Alexis of Russia, and of the Count de Vecchi in

Washington; yet the Siberians have a method of steeping dried specimens in whortleberry juice, and the product is an intoxicant similar in its effects to "hasheesh." The poison it secretes is an alkaloid known as muscarine, which paralyses the nerves controlling the action of the heart.

Mushrooms are easily learned by anyone who will devote

the time to the study of them. Then the edible ones can be readily distinguished, and many delicious additions made to the daily fare; but, until they are so learned, my earnest advice to everyone is, do not depend on your own or another's judgment, but eat only those which you buy from the growers: then you will be perfectly safe.

L. W. BROWNELL.

TWO MINDS AND A MILL.

BY GEORGE FROST AND ELLEN COLLETT.

A POET and Another Person each paid this summer, at different times, a short visit to Stellingford Mill. They had the same rooms, gazed at the same views, talked to the same people, and had, in every detail, the same surroundings. From Stellingford they both wrote to me, and I quote their letters as an instance of diversity of impression in identical circumstance, and of the strangely varying ideas produced in two minds by a mill.

JANE ORDINARY.

LETTER NO. 1.—FROM ANOTHER PERSON.

DEAR JANE,

June 26th, 1904.

I have found inferior accommodation at Stellingford Mill. The weather is too hot for comfort, but while writing I am shaded by a large insecty tree. The mill stands in a favourable situation. It is a red-brick structure, with an ugly addition—an ill-built kind of turret, wherein sacks of flour are hoisted from floor to floor. The place is unattractive and depressing; and, as I include the world in this statement, there is little left to tell you. The mill is driven by an action turbine, supplied, I understand, from Sheffield. The turbine is 36in. in diameter, and works beneath a shaft of water yielding sixteen horse-power. The process of sifting the wheat is interesting (when I get home I'll read it up in the "Encyclopædia"), and the various kinds of mills in use since primitive times might be worth study. The cupboard, miscalled a bedroom, where I sleep, glares with whitewash—bad for the eyesight—and the window, a mere slit, is half blocked with creepers. I would gladly close it at night to keep out spiders and the noise, and—well—the odour of the mill-stream; but one must breathe to live. There is a jog-trot fussiness about the place which irritates my nerves; a sluggish commotion of school-going children and pottering villagers, a shuffling of ducks, endless gossiping of sparrows, and all the futile scrimmaging of a farmyard. The stepping-stones, slimy and not too safe, rob these banks of privacy; and, as nothing ever happens for miles on either side of the river, they appear to me unnecessary as well as dangerous. The lanes are dull and dusty, and common-place with the inevitable wayside flowers; and—But here a red-faced urchin, with a strident voice, interrupts with rude demands for letters to post, so I am coerced into a hasty conclusion. When we meet I shall refer to a matter of importance to us both. Possibly you guess and approve my intention. Don't write to me here, however; I hope to leave to-morrow.

And he did.

LETTER NO. 2.—FROM THE POET.

DEAREST JANE,

July 3rd, 1904.

I am here, revelling in the unspeakable beauty of summer and the south. Stellingford Mill, gabled, picturesque, nestles in a fertile valley. Beeches shadow the lanes, and I wander by fields of barley and sweet-smelling clover to the windy heath that gains the sky. Far away, the South Downs watch the sea, and when cumulus clouds drift slowly over skies of blue I know that at last I have my heart's desire, and have found a home in Constable's exquisite picture of "The Valley Farm." I write to you beneath the shade of a giant sycamore that guards the bank just below the mill. Here I have my simple meals supplied by the dairy and the farm, and here I watch the river's triumph at the weir, its silent pools and pebbly shallows, and here I listen to its ever-flowing echo of farewell. Here, too, I lie content to idle through the long radiance of midsummer days, while cattle stand knee-deep in the water, and ducks, queens of melodrama, waddle in single file by the margin of the stream. Kingfishers build in the holloows of the further bank, and wagtails, tripping over great stones draped in white-flowered water-weed, flit through the sunlit spray to their nest beside the weir. Here I have listened to children's voices wafted from lane and hayfield above the undertones of breeze and river, and here, in one of my lonely wanderings, I heard a robin sing to June, and jotted down these lines in glad applause:

A ROBIN'S SUMMER SONG.

From out an osier-bed
A robin's breast glowed red,
Against the green and gray
Of supple stem and spray.

The while he caroled cheerily,
Fresh hope and courage came to me;
Quoth I, "The way scarce seems as long
Since I've found solace in a song."

I wake early in my whitewashed attic, where the snowiest of coverlets, the oldest and cleanest of old oak chests, and the simplest appointments shame and satisfy my fancied needs. Early, too, I fall asleep, while the honeysuckle, half dozing with the breezes of the night, peeps through the open casement, and only the mill-stream murmurs of the rest it may not share. The morning light on wood and meadow land, the morning freshness in lanes where harebells venture, and campion, white and pink, gowns the hedgerows, the morning joy, smile of the wild rose, song of the lark, thrill of the new-born day—all these are poetry unspoilt by words. Later, from beneath my sycamore I watch the quaint old cottages across the river, the sleepy life of field and farmyard, and the quiet stir around the mill. The miller's white-covered van jolts through the ford, and village folks, old and young, come to and fro across the stepping-stones. As they come and go I ponder on the multitude of men, women, and children who through the passing years have crossed those silent, steadfast stones, picking their careful way to labour or to rest. Half dreaming I see that long procession, and before I can rouse myself these lines are running in my head:

THE STEPPING-STONES.

What tales these stepping-stones could tell
Of old-time happenings that befell;
I often conjure up the scenes,
And muse on many might-have-beens;
A lady tripping lightly o'er,
As if she crossed her parlour floor;
She meets, by chance, a youthful lord
Riding his charger through the ford;
A salutation, scarce one word,
A gentle sigh, that but one heard,
Changed is the trend of their two lives,
For Fate decrees ere man contrives.

A village maiden, coy and prim,
Her rustic swain of sturdy limb;
He steals a kiss, mid-stream, while she
Blushes for fear "the folks should see,"
And in "the Warren" there ahead
She names the day when they will wed,
While now their children's children play
Long hours by this same stony-way.

What tales these stepping-stones could tell
Of old-time happenings that befell.

"Please, sir, 'ave yer anythink for the Poast?" Midway across the stepping-stones the handsome lad "wot takes the letters" shouts and waves his bag. Assailed by To-day "old time happenings" retreat, while I, rubbing my drowsy eyes, ransack my pockets for a postage stamp! I should stay at Stellingford till my last holiday penny was spent, but—I must see you, and that soon; listen:

THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Through rosy campion, meadow-sweet,
And grasses gemmed with dew,
I speed me as with wingèd feet:
I come, I come to you.

The mill-stream laughs so happily
A-racing by my side,
'Tis hastening onward to the sea,
To mingle with the tide;
And our two lives must merge at last
When once my arms enfold you fast.

I come, I come, dear one to you,
Through meadows fresh with morning dew.

Have you listened? and forgiven? and—may I come?

JACK.

And he did!

WIND AND WATER AS SEED-CARRIERS.

THREE is something fairy-like and romantic in the method of seed dispersal typified by the rolling balls of thistledown, which are at once a distraction to the farmer and the delight of the country-lover whose pocket remains unaffected by the results of agriculture. It is impossible, too, to watch the sedate little parachutes of the goat's-beard and dandelion, the buzzing flying machines of the maple, or the aerial whirligigs of the lime, without experiencing a delighted admiration for these quaint contrivances which hurry the helpless seeds of lane and forest in a wild race across the country-side.

A large number of seeds, produced by plants belonging to many different orders, are wind borne by the aid of wings or feathery appendages derived from different parts of the fruit and floral envelopes. Perhaps the most simple contrivance of the kind is the addition of a quantity of soft fluffy or feathery material to the seed, making it sufficiently light to be blown readily by the wind upon, or just above, the surface of the ground. A case in point is that of the cotton of commerce (*Gossypium*). The "bolls" produced by the plant look like masses of white wool amongst the leaves. These masses are divisible into a number of small "pinches"; in each is found a hard, brown seed to which the fibres of the raw cotton are attached. Thus, as soon as the cotton seeds ripen and become detached from the parent plant, each is extremely light, and ready to be blown hither and thither by the wind, and to secure the widespread distribution of the species.

The abundance and quality of the fibre produced by the cotton plant as a means of getting its seeds about in the world has rendered it invaluable to mankind; its commercial importance,



SEED OF THE COTTON PLANT.

however, is really only incidental to the special contrivance with which natural selection has endowed it.

The cotton seeds, rolled in their bundles of fluffy fibre, are carried merrily in the wind. In the case of *Anastatica Hierochuntica*—the so-called "Rose of Jericho"—the whole plant becomes the carrier of its seeds. When these are perfectly ripe, the leaves fall off and the small branches curl inwards, arching over and protecting the fruit. The plant grows in waste and desert lands, where in certain seasons little or no rain falls. During the dry period, and after its seeds are set, the plant becomes loosened and eventually quite freed from the soil. It is then rolled about by the wind, and may be carried for miles along the surface of the ground. Later, when the wet season comes round, the branches, moistened by the rain, uncurl, while the seeds are set free to germinate in the refreshed earth.

Many feathery seeds are of great beauty, but they are, perhaps, of less botanical interest than those which are supplied with definite contrivances for securing their support high in the air. The delicate parachute-like arrangement which carries the seed of the dandelion high over hedges and house-tops is scarcely less wonderful than the enormous number of seeds produced by the plant. There is no need to ask how such seeds find their way from place to place. The wonder is that the whole earth is not overwhelmed in the spring of the year by the offspring of plants which are capable of scattering their seeds in such a broadcast manner. Yet the fact that Nature usually produces this wind-borne seed in vast quantities seems to prove that this method of seed dispersal is far less effectual than would at first seem to be the case. The

dandelions, as we have seen, and the thistles produce many millions of seeds in excess of those which ultimately germinate. The common bulrush, too, has a mass of down seeds which must exceed beyond all possible computation the comparatively



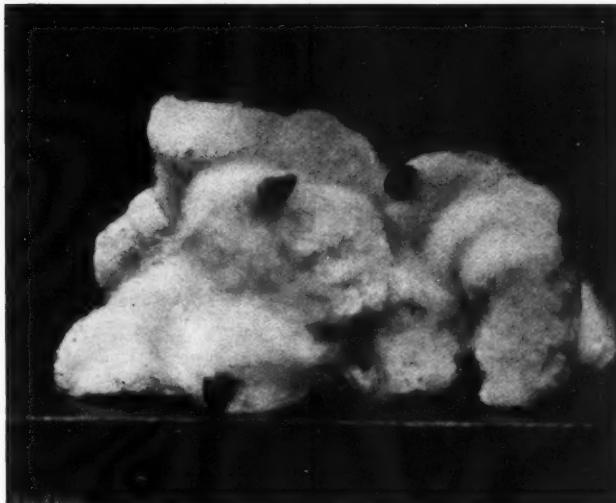
PLUMED AND WIND CARRIED.

few new plants destined to be the outcome of this prodigious preparation.

Perhaps a partial explanation of what at first seems almost like wantonness rests with the fact that birds—goldfinches, siskins, linnets, and the like—have a great fondness for these plumed seeds. Then, too, the wind is at best a reckless carrier, always liable to fail the seeds in their hour of greatest need. Who has not seen huge masses of silky thistledown caught as in a net among the low branches of some hedge or coppice? Again, what quantities of this kind of seed must be blown out to sea or into tracts of country wholly unsuited to its requirements for successful germination. In the face of risks such as these, the vast seed masses of the bulrush and the thistle seem only a fresh proof of Nature's unerring wisdom.

The winged seeds are a large and merry group, typified by the "keys" of the ash, the sycamore, and many other trees. A West Indian tree (*Pterospermum*) has a large, heavy-looking fruit pod. One might imagine it to be some kind of nut; but one day it becomes suddenly ripe, splits into four sections, and heigh presto! scores of winged seeds are shaken out upon the wind, to be whirled away over hill and valley.

But the wind is not the only element responsible for the distribution of seeds, for water is known to play a constant and important part in securing their removal from one locality to another. Firstly, this applies to aquatic plants, and a good instance is afforded by *Nuphar luteum*, the common yellow water-lily. The seeds, when they escape from the capsule into the water, remain cohering in lumps, held together by a mass of sticky material which is gradually dissolved by the action of the



EMBEDDED IN SOFT LIGHT FIBRE.

water. The seeds are thus liberated singly as the mass floats with the current; but they do not at once fall to the bottom. They are rendered buoyant owing to the air enclosed between the aril and the testa, and so continue to float in the water for a

time. Ultimately, however, the aril, or outer coating of the seed, decays, and the seeds sink to germinate in the mud at the bottom. In view of these facts it is plain that a single plant of *Nuphar* growing in the upper reaches of a stream might, in a few years, stock the whole of the water below with yellow lilies.

But aquatic plants are by no means the only kinds which make use of water as a means of securing seed dispersal. Many forms of vegetation, flourishing in the neighbourhood of swamps, rivers, or the sea, have fruit specially packed and prepared for water carriage. For water soon causes rotting and injury; and seeds which are to be entrusted to it must be specially prepared to withstand its influences. Typical water-borne seeds are usually found to possess an exceedingly tough and impervious outer coat, capable of withstanding the action of water for a considerable period, and to be furnished with some kind of air chamber to ensure buoyancy. The seeds of the mango are chiefly distributed by river agency, and are fairly good instances of water-borne seeds. The fruit proper is enclosed within an extremely tough, fibrous envelope, and may be soaked for a long period ere the water is able to penetrate sufficiently to sink the seed. In this the fruit lies loosely, so that there is a jacket of air between it and its covering. Thus the whole is rendered exceedingly buoyant until the water ultimately obtains access, expels the air, and the seed sinks into the mud.

Seeds which are intended for dispersal by means of the sea are even more carefully packed than those which travel in fresh water. It is difficult to realise that certain kinds of seeds are capable

prepared by Nature for this strange method of world-wide dispersal. There is, for instance, a plant known as *Entada scandens* — indigenous, apparently, to the tropical regions of both hemispheres—whose seeds turn up in all manner of unlikely corners of the globe, having been carried thither by winds and ocean currents. The old naturalist Linnaeus found the seeds of this species germinating on the coast of Norway.

The *Entada* is a form of Leguminosæ, and its large, bean-like seeds are developed in immense pods, which attain a length of several feet. One may imagine, then, the plant flourishing in the neighbourhood of some tropical swamp or sluggishly flowing river. The huge pods dry and split in the sun-heat, and the ripe seeds are scattered here and there, some falling into the water. These are carried by the current and deposited—one, perhaps, on a mud bank, another among a mass of decaying weeds. But a few of the seeds, escaping all obstacles, pass with the current down the smaller waterways into the vast river, and thence into the ocean. And so impervious is the covering in which Nature has wrapped them that they are capable of knocking about in the waves for months without injury to their powers of germination.

Most interesting of all ocean-borne seeds are the coconuts, the fruit of a palm which grows abundantly on the coasts of tropical countries. The outer skin of the fruit has a thin, waxy layer which is impervious to water. Beneath this is a thick packing of fibre, forming a light husk which renders the fruit extremely buoyant. The hard shell of the nut forms a further protection against

salt water, and would become valuable in case of injury to the outer waxy coating. Owing principally to these qualities of the fruit, and the proximity of the plant to the sea, the coconut palm has obtained an almost universal distribution in the tropics. Cocoanuts as sold in shops have been denuded of their outer covering of fibre and the waxy skin. The fibre is used for the manufacture of mats and other articles, and thus, as



POD OF PTEROSPERMUM.



AWAITING DISPERSAL.

of taking a long ocean voyage without the salt water penetrating to, and injuring, their vital parts. Yet this is what actually occurs; and from an examination of such ocean-borne seeds there is little room for doubt that they have been specially



A SHOWER OF SEEDS.



MANGO SEEDS.

In the case of the cotton, we see that a material produced by Nature as an aid to seed dispersal is applied by man to his own ends.

PERCY COLLINS.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DAFFODILS.

AS promised recently, a selection of bulbs is given, beginning first with the Daffodils, which of all spring flowers are the most loved and the most beautiful. To woodland, mead, border, and bed these flowers of March and April give a fresh beauty which lingers in memory until the fair blossoms again open to the sun. It is a mistake to plant very late. Late September and October are the months for this work, and the advice of one of the greatest authorities, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, should be acted upon: "I think 4in. clear, or even 5in. or more in the case of the largest bulbs, is none too much soil above their tops. This ensures them being well below the unstable top layer of the soil—i.e., that which is subject to contraction and expansion in the frosts and thaws of winter. In my opinion it is the immunity from this movement which accounts for the success in turf of some kinds which die out in uncultivated ground. The explanation is that turf is sweet and free from manure. But if this were all, why is it that beds of the very same turf chopped up and converted into loam will not grow these same kinds? Ard Righ and Henry Irving may be specified as kinds which have been experimented on in my grass and my beds. I am satisfied that a partial explanation at least is that the grass fibres bind the upper soil to the lower, and so prevent this teasing movement in times of alternate frost and sun." The Narcissus family is grouped under various headings, and we are not concerned now with the species so much as the varieties, which are for the most part inexpensive and very beautiful in form and colouring. The groups are taken alphabetically:

The Barri Group.—The name "Barri" is given in honour of Mr. Peter Barr, whose name is known the world over, and to him perhaps more than to anyone else is due the great popularity of the flower and the introduction of new forms. *Narcissus Barri* is a hybrid that is a cross between two species, which in this case are the lovely Star Daffodil (*N. incomparabilis*) and *N. poeticus*, the latter better known as the Pheasant's-eye. Varieties of much beauty in the Barri section are the following: *Conspicuus*, so called from the rich orange scarlet staining on the cup; Dorothy E. Wemyss, Flora Wilson, Maurice Vilmorin, Orphee, and Sensation.

N. bicolor.—In this section are those noble flowers Empress and Horsfieldi, and these should be planted more freely than any of the others. We may also recommend Ellen Willmott, Grandee, Mme. Plemp, Mrs. J. B. M. Camm, Princeps, and Victoria.

N. Burridgei.—Agnes Barr, Ellen Barr, John Bain, Baroness Heath, and Mary.

N. incomparabilis.—A beautiful group, and largely planted in grassland for the sake of the graceful, star-like flowers. It is safe to say that no variety is commonplace or uninteresting. There is a wide choice, but the following are among the best: Autocrat, Beauty, C. J. Backhouse, Cynosure, Frank Miles, Gloria Mundi, Mary Anderson, Princess Mary, Queen Bess, Sir Watkin, and Stella. If only one were needed, our choice would be Sir Watkin. Many of the double-flowered Daffodils are forms of *N. incomparabilis*, such as the famous Butter and Eggs, the Orange Phoenix, or Eggs and Bacon, and the delicately-coloured Primrose Queen.

N. Leedsi.—A graceful flower with much of the character of *N. incomparabilis*, which is one of its parents. This is a delightful group for cutting, and the sorts to select from are the following: Acis, Amabilis, Beatrice, Duchess of Westminster, Gem, Katherine Spurrell, Mme. Magdalene de Graaff, Madge Matthew, Minnie Hume, Mrs. Langtry, and Princess of Wales.

N. pseudo Narcissus (English Daffodil or Lent Lily).—Our British wildling has a numerous family, and to it belong many of the most handsome garden flowers, such as Achilles, Ard Righ, Captain Nelson, Colleen Bawn, pure white; Countess of Annesley, Emperor, F. W. Burbidge, the noble Glory of Leiden, Golden Spur, Henry Irving, Mme. de Graaff, M. J. Berkeley, P. R. Barr, Princess Ida, Santa Maria, Snowflake, and William Goldring.

SWEET VIOLETS FOR WINTER.

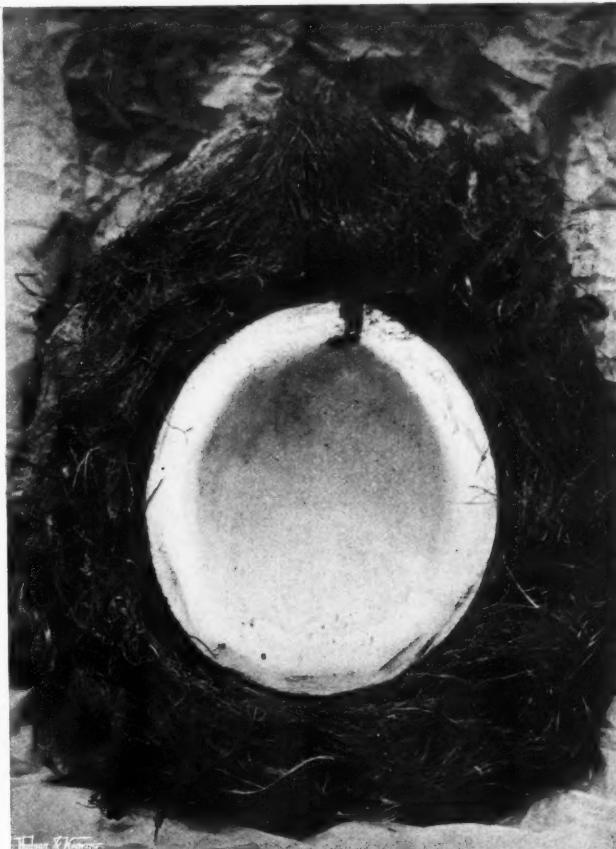
It is time to think of planting the Violets that are to give flowers in winter in the cold frame or pit, for it is impossible to grow the double varieties in particular, without this assistance. In many gardens there are pits in which Melons or Cucumbers have been grown during the summer, and no better

place can be selected for the Violets, the soil exactly suiting their requirements. One of the most important points in Violet culture is planting them 6in. from the glass. The reason is obvious. At this distance the plants receive the benefit of the weak winter sun, and the soil is more likely to dry quickly. Water the roots well before lifting them, and be careful that a large ball of soil surrounds them, otherwise failure must result. Plant them very close together in the frame, the leaves almost touching, and then give a good soaking of water. Place on the lights, shade for a few days to prevent flagging, and admit air freely. Remove the lights entirely when the weather is mild, but as October approaches frosts may be expected. Even then air should be admitted unless the weather is likely to be sharp, when the frames should be closed at night. Only in the event of a hard winter is it needful to put mats over the glass, as, of course, the Violet is perfectly hardy, dies in a muggy air, and dislikes a wet soil. Watering through the winter months is most important, and the soil should always be neither too dry nor too wet, but between the two. Single Violets can be grown outdoors in a sheltered place; but when in frames give them more space, not less than 3ft. each way, as the growth is stronger than that of the double forms. The most beautiful varieties are—*Double*: Marie Louise, Lady Hume Campbell, Mrs. J. J. Astor, De Parme, Neapolitan, and the white Comte de Brazza, but, if only one is desired, we place most trust in the famous Marie Louise. *Single*: Princess of Wales comes first (it is the most beautiful and satisfactory of all), La France, Admiral Avellan, and White Czar. California we have discarded; it is not unlike Princess of Wales, but inferior. The flower of the first-named is very large, carried on a stem quite 12in. high, and its blue colouring is clear and pleasant. It is the sweetest in fragrance of all Violets. Two or three flowers will scent a room.

RANDOM NOTES.

Aster sinensis.—This is the original China Aster, the parent from whence all the varieties we see in gardens have sprung, but it is so handsome in itself that many plant it in preference to its numerous progeny. The plant is strong, leafy, and quite as easily grown as the varieties; but it is the sturdy stem which is the chief charm, this supporting a broad, handsome flower of deepest purple. A bed of it is very showy, and neither wind nor rain seems to mar its beauty. We have a large group of it, and nothing has a greater attraction in late August than this.

The Two Best White Carnations.—In many gardens, especially those in which the soil is light, and therefore not heavy in winter, Carnation planting for next summer's flowering is occupying attention. We are asked



OCEAN-CARRIED SEEDS.

sometimes for the names of the most beautiful white varieties, and two we can recommend thoroughly are George Maquay and Trojan. The former is a flower that does not burst; that is, the petals are held well within the calyx. They are broad, firm, of the purest white, and fragrant. It is in all ways an ideal border Carnation, and little known as yet. The other is Trojan, which has a full, roundish flower, exceptionally free, and a good companion to George Maquay.



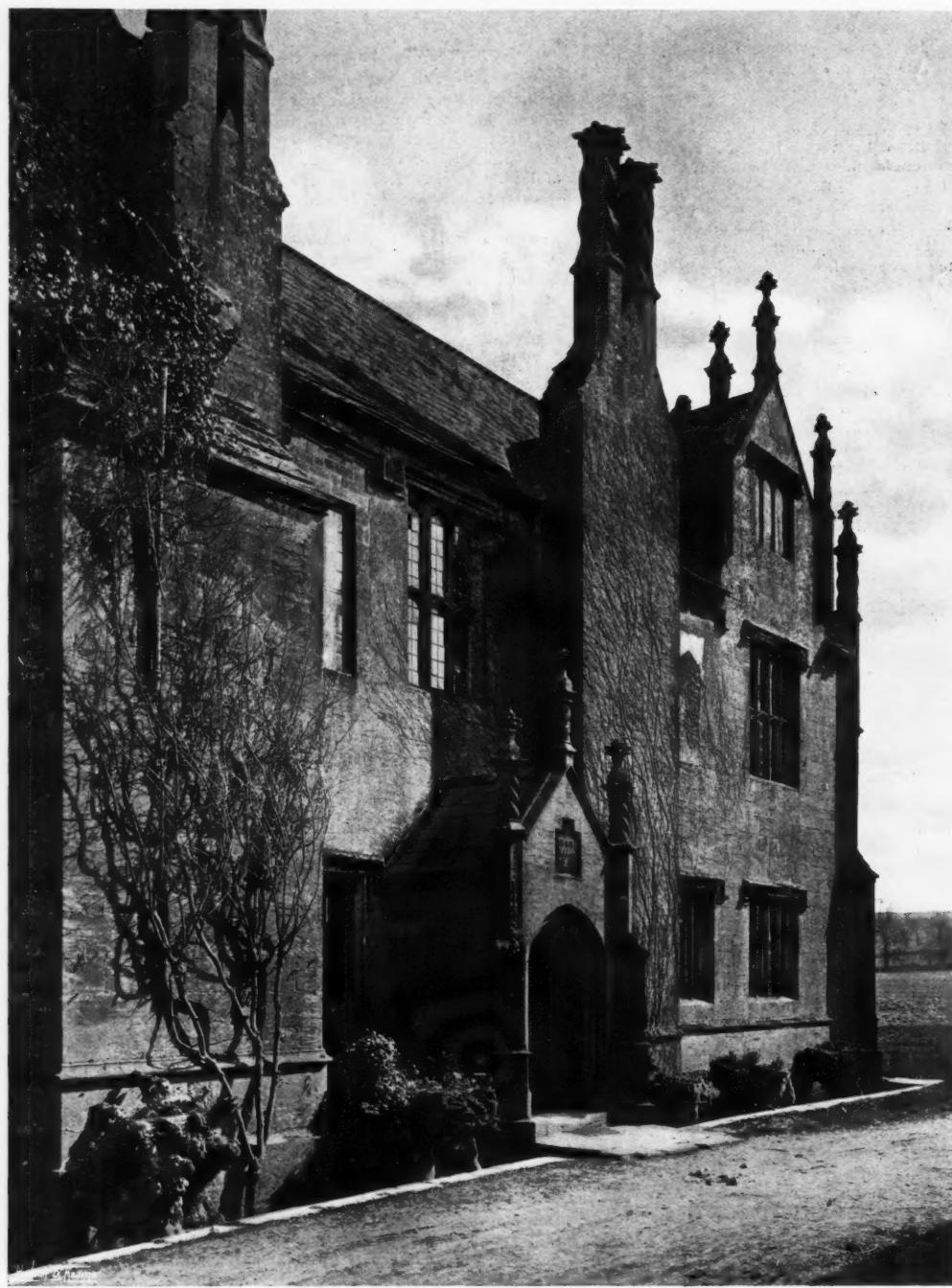
COUNTRY BARRINGTON COURT, HOMES SOMERSETSHIRE.

ONE of the finest houses in all Somerset, that county which is so rich in the evidences of old English life, is Barrington Court. It stands in the hundred of South Petherton, and some four miles separate it from the ancient town of Ilminster to the south-west, while its comrade eight miles away to the east is no other than the historic house of Montacute. The neighbouring place-names suggest much of history. The Bishops of Bath and Wells had possessions here-

about, and Kingsbury Episcopi, Huish Episcopi, and Isle Abbot tell of ecclesiastical owners long ago, while Shepton Beauchamp and Cricket Malherbie bear the mark of Norman or Plantagene lords. This is the gathering ground of the river Parret, and through a sweet country do the Isle and the Yeo flow to swell its waters. The brown reapers lie upon the sheaves at noon tide eating, drinking, and resting. There are women of the Saxon type at their cottage doors, and children playing on the village greens. Picturesque cottages there are of wood and thatch, or of stone, and farmsteads and dairies, and old houses, grey and forgotten, as if belonging to some other world than ours.

Vanished from our view is the sight of modern things, and deaf are our ears to the cries of the urgent world, when we look at the venerable front of Barrington, lifting its ancient walls of Hamhill stone to confront the sun. With the inward eye we behold its prime, the day when it rose gloriously under the craftsman's hand to satisfy the master-builder, till, all equipped and plenished, it became the dwelling-place of its lord. Now fallen from its high estate, almost a hollow shell, yet a shell wrought with the finest skill, fashioned in the noblest manner, the house raises its speechless voice to claim the care of some regenerating hand. Not all broken and perished is the place, but very fair to behold, with its gables, twisted chimneys and pinnacles, its mullioned windows and angle buttresses, its great porch and its spacious interior, capable of taking on once more the character it possessed of yore. In the country about it little has changed within these 300 years. The railway is near, but the villages, the dairies, the meadows, and the hedgerows bear little mark of the passage of time.

The estate lies in the parishes of Barrington, sometimes called Barrington Stembridge, and of Shepton Beauchamp, in a wooded country, not elevated, but healthful and breezy. Robert de Courcelle was installed here at the time of the Domesday Survey, but by the reign of Edward I. the place had come to the family of Daubeney, which was established here for ages, and it is believed that the existing house was built by Henry Daubeney, a veteran of the French War, second Baron Daubeney and first



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THE SOUTH-WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE SOUTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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and last Earl of Bridgewater of that house, who died in 1548. The Daubeneys were great men in their day, and their ancestor, Eli de Albini of South Petherton, appears to have been summoned to Parliament as a baron by writ in 1295. Here his descendants lived, several of them bearing the name of Giles, until Sir Giles Daubeney, Privy Councillor, Constable of Bristol, and Master of the Mint, Knight of the Garter, Governor of Calais and other places, and Chamberlain of the Royal Household, was created Baron Daubeney of South Petherton in 1486. It was his son, the second Lord, made Earl of Bridgewater in 1538, who is said to have built Barrington Court.

Henry Duke of Suffolk, who died of the sweating sickness in 1551, afterwards came into possession; but before the year 1592 the manor and appurtenances, with 200 acres of pasture, 1,200 of wood, and 300 of water, in the forest of Neroche, of which parts still remain, passed by sale, with the "capital messuage" and three water-mills, two dove-houses, and many farm-buildings, to Sir John Clifton, knight, who held directly from the King. Later again, in 1605, the estate was sold to Sir Thomas Phelipps, knight, who died in 1618, when his son and heir, Thomas, as appears by an inquisition, was of the age of twenty-eight. The purchaser of Barrington to whom it owes much was the second son of Thomas Phelipps of Montacute, and married

Tudor age, before the classic spirit had exercised any marked influence upon our national architecture, while the details of the carving are almost as rich as is the moulded and sculptured work in the brick houses of East Anglia. The features in other parts of the exterior are all equally good, and we may certainly say of Barrington Court that it occupies a most notable place in the domestic architecture of England. It is also worthy of remark that such houses as this are far rarer than those of Jacobean times.

This noble mansion, as we have said, has fallen upon somewhat evil times. It is, in fact, a shell, a wreck, and even some part of its oaken flooring has disappeared. Yet it is a place which would richly reward anyone who had the good fortune to undertake the splendid work of restoring it. That portion of the structure seen on the right in the large picture has suffered most severely, and in some parts there is nothing between the ground and the roof. It is now used as a store for cyder, of which much is made in this part of the country. Unfortunately, too, the grand staircase, which must have been a splendid feature of the interior, has been removed. There are, however, one or two fine chimney-pieces and plaster ceilings, and in one room is excellent panelling, though it seems to be of Georgian date.

The shadowed doorway of the porch leads to a handsome



Copyright

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the daughter of Sir John Clifton. His son, the first baronet, added Stoke Charity, Somerset, to his possessions by marrying the co-heiress of that place, Charity, daughter of William Waller. The succeeding baronets were therefore of Barrington and Stoke Charity, but seem latterly to have chiefly resided at the latter place. The title became extinct with the death of the fourth baronet in 1690.

The mansion at Barrington is a particularly noble example of the domestic architecture of late Tudor times. Facing the south-east, it has the familiar plan of the letter E, the wings projecting grandly, and the porch of noble proportions. The angle buttresses to the wings, and the porch, rising to twisted terminals, are a feature surviving from mediaeval times, which disappeared entirely in the buildings of Stuart times. These twisted terminals, with cupola-like tops, are also upon the gables, and with the chimneys, also twisted, give a most pleasing and attractive character to the structure. We may go far, indeed, before we find another house of stone so lightly and gracefully adorned, and the details of the mullioned windows, with their arched heads, in every light, and their water-tables above, is most admirable. The porch also has a fine Tudor arch, which might form the entrance to some college quadrangle, and there are rooms above, and gables on either hand. The whole structure breathes the spirit of the

entrance-hall in the midst of the building, with stone arches. On one side is the ancient banqueting-hall, which is 74 ft. long and 21 ft. wide, and is finely proportioned, but the floor has been removed, as also, in part, has that of the room above, though the old fireplaces remain, as well as portions of the panelling and cornice. Through a stone arch a reception-room is reached, as wide as the hall, but much shorter, where also the floor has been removed, though panelling of red pine and a heavy cornice remain. There is a large dining-room, panelled, with an arched recess flanked by fluted pilasters, as well as a fine square drawing-room, lofty, and well lighted by four handsome windows. On the first floor is a spacious landing with an open fireplace, and above it a curious carved representation of the "Judgment of Solomon." The bedrooms here are very interesting, and one or two of them retain their oak wainscoting and open fireplaces and mantels. The interior, however, has suffered more than the pictures of the exterior would suggest, but there is a fascinating thought in the plan of restoring this grand old Tudor mansion. The eye fashions it all as it should be, with its storied panes, its richly-hued panelling, its noble fireplaces and roofs, and its appropriate furniture.

There are old outbuildings also, which are very noticeable, as often happens in the case of ancient houses. The stables form quite a noble pile, constructed of brick with Ham stone

dressings, and having an arched entrance to a courtyard at the rear, where are other substantial buildings used for dairy purposes. Among the farm-buildings is a brick-built cowhouse for twenty-four cows, with oak divisions. In short, Barrington Court has all the makings of a fine country house of beautiful and unusual

character, with pleasant woods and gardens and fine farm buildings. Somerset has reason to be proud of possessing such a mansion; but one cannot but feel keen regret that so much has perished since the first Earl of Bridgewater of the Daubeney family built the place.

FULFORD HALL.

IN spite of the clanging prosperity of Liverpool and Manchester, the ancient city of York remains calm and secure in her honours. She is, without dispute, Capital of the North. She is the seat of an archbishop, whose predecessors tussled with Canterbury for the primacy and conceded nothing, as his style of "primate of England" stands to-day to testify. York still lies for the most part within the walls which kept the Scots raiders out of her rich streets.

Change comes to her as slowly as it comes to an old oak. When York had its season, as London has to-day, when the Northern squires came in with wife and daughters to those great town-houses which still hide themselves up many a court and narrow street, Fulford must have been a merry place. Says the ballad:

"Of all the cities ever I see,
York, York, for my money."



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FULFORD HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

York thrusting out no grimy suburb of factory and jerry-villa, Fulford is still a country seat, though lying so nigh to the city that the least advance of the tide of bricks would have swallowed it whole.

Fulford itself, though little, is an ancient place, with the broken potsherds and lost pennies of Roman Eboracum lying near the surface. Its history has but one story in it, for Fulford is too near York to have a long tale of its own; but when Tostig Godwinson

and Harald of Norway came sailing in their longships up the Humber, they met with the Earls Eadwin and Morkere in the fields outside York, and at Fulford was waged the battle which gave York to those Danes whom Harald of England smote at Stamford Brigg.

The house of Fulford Hall lies pleasantly upon the banks of Ouse. It is probable that there has been a house here for long ages, for the pedigree of an English manor-house can only



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EAST SIDE OF THE LAWN, WITH DOVECOTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be matched with that of the parish church. Once it was called Roos, or Rose, Hall, the great family of Roos having been lords here.

Fulford Hall is now the seat of Captain William Henry Key, the lord of the manor of Water Fulford. The present house is of the squarely-built style of the late seventeenth century, having a red-tiled roof with corbels to support it, a house which speaks of that home comfort which we would fain



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WEST SIDE OF THE LAWN.

persuade ourselves is all English, although much of it came to us as a fashion from the Low Countries.

But the chief glories of Fulford Hall are in its trim lawns and its wonderful yew hedges. The yews are doubtless as old as the present Hall, to which they give a rare distinction and character.

Our illustrations give one the opportunity of studying the effect of long rows of rose trees flaunting bright colours before the dark curtain of the sombre yews. Above the cut walls of dark leaves rise the pinnacles and Turk's-heads, the windmill tops and sugar-loaves of the clipped trees, grotesque company for those who walk the paths, sheltered from the cold winds by the thick hedge. In our picture of the east side of the lawn one may see the roof of a dovecote, a lordly appendage which speaks to the antiquity of the manorial rank of the house. H. B.

TO LITERARY APPRENTICES.

BLACKWOOD," which marches steadily and sturdily on, decade after decade, its Georgian uniform little altered, though the button must needs take a change of initials under the crown embossed on it, may be supposed to have a sympathetic interest for many readers of this paper. When *Blackwood* came into existence the Town was much less than it is now, the Country more; but Maga remains what it was—more of the country in every sense than of the town. Though rarely omitting the fiery politics and the uncompromising literary criticism of old, it is distinctively a magazine for the roving adventurer, the naturalist, the sportsman, the soldier, and the squire. In nothing does it depart willingly (as who should?) from the ancient ways, has but a cool welcome for novelty as such, and the eye of a police-constable for cockney innovations of taste, conduct, manners, style.

It is not quite certain, however, that an excellent stroke of business against such improprieties, in the new number of this magazine, was intentional. Appearances would go to show, indeed, that it was not. But whether by accident or design, a most effective exhibition of the good and the bad in literary composition is supplied by two articles which could not have

been better selected for that express purpose. Had they been so chosen, we must suppose that they would have been put together in immediate sequence, as unfortunately they are not. Four or five articles separate Mr. Stephen Gwynn's paper on the Irish herring-fisheries from "At the Flight o' the Duck," by a writer who need not be named, and therefore should not be, for he may yet reform. Pity, though, that these two articles should be placed so far apart; nothing in them being so valuable as the lesson that starts from them when compared, and the lesson itself being so painfully needed by thousands of incursionists into the business of writing.

The style of Mr. X. is of that description which aims at sprightliness and humour by applying to the most trivial incidents, the most commonplace situations, a shrieking exaggeration of feeling and phrase. Corresponding with the lifted elbow in shaking hands, the serio-comic bow, the bawling voice, this has been the modish style of conversation for years in the descending rounds of fashionable society. The elbow is no longer lifted, but the old exaggeration is still heard in the bawling voice, though by this time its most startling and audacious catchwords have been hacked out of all significance. The same fate has befallen it at the hands of the New Journalists, and the thousands of writers who with Chinese industry and imitativeness furnish the popular magazines. Week after week, month after month, year after year, the same supply of exhausted sentimentalism and unrefreshable liveliness, and then such a display of those commodities as Mr. X. can make in his "Flight o' the Duck."

It is the story of an afternoon's shooting of two ducks over "a simple Sussex pond"; and beginning with the rousing thought that "there is nothing in the world half so heartening as the prospect of blood," it recounts the going forth of the adventurer upon that sanguinary work; the boyish impatience of the start; the subsidence of this feeling into poetic reverie as he leant against an oak; the recurrence of that state of mind at various intervals—as when "the sun went to his doom"; his extraordinary conversation with his extraordinary keeper; the intensity, frequency, and (at times) the utter incompatibility of his emotions as he advanced to the chase; the slaughter, and the glowing walk home in time for a cup of tea. All this related with what should



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THE WEST LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be called "a wealth" of detail, but such detail, or so related, that comparatively few passages wear an aspect of veracity. I use the word veracity in Carlyle's customary use of it. Of course there was an expedition to shoot ducks, with the expedition a keeper, with the keeper an incompetent dog; and of course there was an actual shooting of ducks, personally retrieved by wading into a not very large but a very cold pond. The facts are all right, and unimpeachably creditable. But,



THE Yews and the roses at Fulford Hall.

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W. Selfe.

REEDS AND POPLARS.

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choosing to tell of them and their accompanying emotions in a prevailing style of egotistic exaggeration, and overdoing that overdone style at every turn, Mr. X. succeeds no better with his tale than if it had come from a poor wretch of a copy-maker so long employed upon fiction in that line as to be unaware of his excesses in it.

Missing his keeper at a trysting-place, Mr. X. says: "I scanned the fields, the woods, the hills—I sounded the very heavens for him." Of course he did not, and there is neither humour nor poetry in saying that he did; but it is in the prevailing style of brilliancy. The keeper almost swears at his dog, though not quite; yet in his voice when he refrains from imprecation "there was an under-current of concentrated venom, inhuman and malignant, which positively shocked me, but so unreal that I could not help smiling." We see at once, however, that the unreality lies somewhere in the concentrated venom, the positive shock, and the simultaneous smile that disproves the shock. "Bowed in the back, desperately strained at the knees, our curious heads craned rigidly in advance, suffering torment unspeakable"—only at this expense to render themselves invisible could Mr. X. or the keeper cross a bare, open meadow. Wishing to see how the keeper (who was behind) seemed to take a situation which began to look screamingly ridiculous, "I turned—to find his face tense with expectation, and the muzzle of his gun unerringly directed" ("unerringly" of course) "towards the base of my back;" and every vestige of humour vanished before the appalling prospect of my clapping both hands suddenly to a breach in my breeches and bellowing inarticulately with agony. Yet I dared not warn him—too much was at stake. And so, instead of sidling out of the egregious gamekeeper's line of fire, "I Spartanlike contained my feelings and hurried on. Hot, breathless, struck dumb with anxious hope," not, however, on account of the unerring gamekeeper behind, but of the possibility of duck a little way ahead . . . and so forth.

No duck, however, at present, and so "I lean lovingly against the rough body" of a gaunt, grey, leafless oak, to "render up my mind to the wonders of heaven and earth immediately around." For the sun is about to sink to his doom, which is my idea of a sunset; and I perceive that a moment arrives when "quick and ever quicker he dips to his end, anxious to hasten the final agony." And now, "over all the deepest silence—the silence of death"; and still I remained lost in a contemplation subtly accordant with the mystic spirit of the hour, when, "quite suddenly I caught somewhere far away overhead a whistle of wings, was instantly frozen stark where I stood with awe and expectation." Ducks! "My heart stopped with a jump, and then leapt on again all a-flutter, sending the blood to hammer at my temples. I gripped my gun as in a vice, casting haggard eyes"—(but why haggard the Lord only knows)—"casting haggard eyes heavenward without a motion of my head, that unnoticed I might win a sight, a glimpse only, of the mystery."

It is hard to believe that the writers of such stuff as this, many as they are in the lower walks of literature, and carefully as they cultivate its extravagances, do not know how false it is and how graceless a counterfeit of imagination and feeling they make a market of. It is evidently studied, and its catchwords noted and stored, just as are the catchwords of its humorous counterpart. But were we to ask why as much study should not be given by literary practitioners to an honest simplicity of style, we should probably find the answer this: That an honest simplicity of style is of no account in these days of excessive competition without some genuine meaning to put into it; whereas superior impressionist effects can be obtained in quite a surprising way by weaving garlands of culled words and phrases about any emotional subject that may be "of the day."

After all, then, it may be of little use to invite Press apprentices to compare Mr. X.'s article on "A Flight o' the Duck" with Mr. Stephen Gwynn's paper; and yet, by as much as they are capable and clear-minded, the comparison must do them good, since they may see an excellent example of plain, familiar, animated prose in a variety invented, one might say, for the particular purpose in hand. No weaving of culled phrases here. For every subject of discourse, for nearly every phase of such a subject, there is one most appropriate style, meaning by that a choice of diction and of tone more appropriate than any other can be. To seek that out upon all sufficient occasion should be the endeavour of every good writer; and in many cases he may find a model ready to hand. But the true proficient, if he will but look into his own mind for what is needed, will discover it there without going further, the rest depending upon skill in expression. Though not otherwise very striking, Mr. Gwynn's article on the fisheries off those barren little isles north of Ireland is a success in that way which the Press apprentice should investigate. And this he will do best if, while he reads, he thinks of the breadth, the solitude, the greyness of these northern seas, the freedom of the winds upon them, the laborious poverty of the islanders, and marks where the easy colloquialism of the Irish peasant finds its equivalent, unostentatiously, in literary English.

F. G.

"BABBITING" ON THE BROADS.

Of the various methods of eel-catching, "babbing" is probably the most primitive. The only requisites for this are 8ft. of stout cord, a 6ft. pole, a sinker, and a bunch of worms. Locally the last-named is known as the "bab." This "bab" consists of about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of large worms severally threaded on a piece of worsted. Together with the lead sinker the "bab" is attached to the cord, and by means of the pole is bobbed up and down at the bottom of the muddy waters at the rate of about twenty bobs to the minute. When an eel bites, the "babber" feels a slight suction (it is scarcely a jerk), and gently lifts the fish clear of the water before its teeth can

be disengaged from the worsted. This requires a nicety of handling which practice alone gives, for if the pole be raised too vigorously the usual effect is simply to transplant the eel in its native element.

Two grizzled old men had moored their crazy punt at eventide under the lee of a water-mill on the margin of the river. They were typical of the men who had lived toilsome lives as marshmen, or as deep-sea fishers, and whose declining years are spent in "babbing," or kindred callings—men who have often faced death in North Sea storms, who have suffered the cold of the exposed East Coast, and who have never seen Fleet Street. A simple race they are, unsuspicious of their fellows; grey children of the sea, rough and unlettered, but in their way as sympathetic and as ruggedly refined as old Peggotty. The weather-beaten men in the old boat, steadily bobbing their baits with the patience born of three-score years of toil, gave an idea of personal harmony with the scene.

Far away there, on those marshy solitudes, the air was big with the mystery of the Broadland night. The apple green reflection of a summer after-glow was becoming turbid where tiny feathers of white, curling mist crept over the still water. Low-breathed whispers from reed-round and hollowed bank told of a wealth of life awakening in the peopled twilight.

"And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes."

The sails of the grim old water-mill an hour since had given back the last rays of the dying sun, and under the gaunt, wide-armed figure of the tower the two grey children of the sea, in sou'-westers, guernseys, and woollen overalls, patiently fished.

They did not talk much; on a Broadland evening not even old age is garrulous. The "babbers" were pondering in their slow way, and but seldom did they open their lips. Only from the direction of the dark patch which represented their boat in the gloom now and again came the bright flashing of a match as a pipe was lighted. When evening had given place to starry night, and swathes of light mist rolled low over the waters, old Dan'l remarked:

"We haven't seen the colour of one yet, Sam."

The other growled a negative, and they smoked on in silence. Presently old Dan'l swiftly raised his long pole clear of the water and held it over the punt. In the neighbourhood of the line-lead, and clinging to the "bab," was a black, wriggling shape, which hung for a moment, and then fell with a little thud to the bottom of the boat. A second after, the shape had glided silently under the floor-boards.

"That won't a bad un," Sam commented. "'Bout half a pound. Tha's pretty fair as they run now." Sam deftly shook an eel off his line into the boat. "What I never could make out," he said, "is how they breed. I've caught 'em for lower-and-twenty year now, and I ain't found it out yit."

"No more you ain't likely to," said Dan'l. "There's a mort cliverer heads than ourn hev' runnered about that."

Sam stooped to push from under his feet some of the catch which had not yet found their way below the bottom boards. "I've cut 'em open," he said, wagging his head, "I've cut 'em open, and find what looked like little eels inside 'em; but that ain't no proof that they hev' young 'uns. I told old Bussey, you know—him at Hornin'—and he say they're third-worms."

"Well, and it's the same when you find spawn in 'em, Sam," mused Dan'l; "you can't tell as t'whether it's fish-spawn or the eels'. I don't know how they come, and it's no manner of use trying to find out; but I doan't reckon they come out of the mud, like some folks uther say; they're mighty rum critters anyhow."

Just then Dan'l lost a large eel; it dropped overboard as he was lifting it in, and they both heard the splash. Neither of the men remarked upon

it; the most skilful "babber" loses an occasional eel, and fish were coming in plentifully now, looking very weird on the dark floor before they snaked out of sight.

"There's another thing about eels I've often noticed," observed Dan'l, after an interval of silent smoking, "and that is, how pitickler they are. They fare to smell like a Christian. They won't go nigh a eel-pot if it's got a bit of tainted meat in it."

"No, I reckon they *are* pitickler," said Sam. "Do you remember old Fox that night when he was a-babb'ning us at Muck Fleet. We got tew or tree stun, an' he didn't see the colour of one. Wasn't he angry when he saw that his bab had been in a drop of parafine ile?" The old man chuckled hoarsely.

Old Dan'l nodded. "Yes, that was enough to spoil it," he said; "eels *is* pitickler 'bout their food bein' clean."

Once again the old men relapsed into silence: the hours were passing. A spell was upon stream and mere; the night had become absolutely silent, except when a drop of water fell from a line into the river with distinctly audible splash; and every now and then from under the bottom boards there came a stealthy rubbing as the eels moved in the limited space, or an occasional sucking noise caused by their slimy bodies in contact. This was the silence of the real night, the dead of night, when the earth is waiting for the dawn. Then a suspense of expectation amounting to pain fills the air. It is the first birth-pang of to-morrow.

To end the tense stillness came a light puff of wind. It curled up the low mist for a moment, and unconsciously the "babbers" heaved a sigh of relief. Then a little light came; above the breaking mist the stars shone out. Behind the boat, under the hood of the windmill, a bird chirruped; a lark rose with brilliant song straight up above the rond, to descend a moment later. A cock crowed at some distant farm, a dog barked, and again the night was silent.

The watchers looked to the east; there was no indication yet of the dawn, nor would there be for two or three hours; it had been but a wakeful moment in the sleep of mother earth: now again she was slumbering deeply. The day had turned.

"Well, shall we git back now, Sam?" asked old Dan'l.

"Not just yet, Dan'l; we're still gettin' a few. The daay hev turned now. That du fare to be a funny thing, Dan'l. Everything fare to wake up for a bit, and then drop off agin."

"It's fare to me, Sam," the old man gesticulated with his chilled hands, "it's fare to me, than when the arth hev' dun turnin' from the sun and begin to meet it again, new life come back to it, and everything wake up with it."

Old Dan'l probably was not a great way from the truth. The old man in his communings with Nature felt her moods, though he could not express them. He realised the change that comes with the turn of day just as truly as did R. L. Stevenson, who so masterly commented upon it. It must be to the silence which follows the turning of day that Tennyson referred in the lines:

"Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon."

And then at length, after their long vigil, day came to the two old men on those solitary waters. The morning breeze rolled the nightly robe of mist from the streams, the sun shone over the reed-beds from grey clouds, and the "babbers" rose and straightened their cramped backs. They removed the bottom boards, and on the floor of the boat were to be seen wriggling masses of eels, squirming and gliding about with bubbles of slime forming and breaking among them. By using the thurb and the blade of a clasp-knife, old Dan'l dexterously threw the lively catch into a perforated trunk, which he closed and then floated overboard. This accomplished, the "babbers" rowed to the hat on the rond which served as their Broadland home.

GROUSE-DRIVING ON ASKRIGG MOOR

BY the courtesy of the owners or lessees of various representative English moors of different types it has been possible to give some idea in these pages of the great variety of natural conditions, and of the degree in which these are aided by acre and management, obtaining on good grouse ground in the North of England. But the Askrigg Moor, the shooting rights of which have been rented from the Crown for about a hundred years by the family of the present lessee, Mr. R. C. Vyner, stands as an interesting example of what may be called the "bedrock" possibilities of grouse preservation, for owing to a peculiar set of limitations, to be explained later, the grouse and the moor have to be left very much to themselves, and yet the number of birds is sometimes astonishingly large, considering the limited area of the moor, as well as the local drawbacks to its improvement. At the same time, no argument for withholding that assistance to Nature which is possible, and is consequently bestowed elsewhere, can be drawn from the good bags often made on this moor. In the first place, the good bags might probably have been better had the

lessee a free hand. In the next, the policy of burning the candle at both ends, *i.e.*, over-feeding the moor with sheep, while expecting that the grouse will maintain their numbers, is producing its inevitable results in a marked degree on



W. A. Rouche.

THE MEET ON THE MOOR.

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[Sept. 17th, 1901.]

the heather and bilberry, which are the two principal food plants of the grouse, and in a corresponding increase of coarse moor grass, a process which is steadily at work on a great part of the northern Pennines in Westmorland and Cumberland, to the great detriment of grouse, but the effect of which is recognised and guarded against on most Yorkshire moors where owners and lessees have freer hands than at Askrigg. The moor lies on the narrow but high ridge of grey limestone hills dividing the valley of the Ure at Askrigg from the upper part of Swaledale. The road between the two runs over the "col" dividing the valleys, which is here very narrow. Mr. Vyner's Askrigg Moor is on the Uredale side of the summit, and only extends over an area of 1,800 acres. On the Swaledale side a considerable additional stretch of moor is rented, which is driven in on to the Askrigg Moor before it is shot. But the amount of grouse so brought on to the ground to be shot is not considerable. On this small area of 1,800 acres practically all the shooting is done. It lies extremely well, facing the south, and is easy ground to drive. On the



W. A. Rouch.

MOVING TO HIGHER GROUND.

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erection of alternative lines of batteries difficult. Yet on this moor there were bagged in the year 1894, 2,775 grouse;



W. A. Rouch.

THE LINE OF WOODEN BUTTS.

Copyright

other hand, its small size makes it difficult to bring the birds to the butts in a high and unfavourable wind, and makes the

in 1897, 2,959; in 1898, 2,095; in 1901, 2,686; in 1902, 2,898! The best bags made in a day were 1,130 and 963 birds. The shooting rights have belonged to the Crown as Lords of the Manor for longer than seems to be known. But the freeholders, large and small (and there are a great number of small freeholders in the vale below), have the right to feed sheep on the moor. The subdivision of the holdings makes the exercise of these rights, which are frequent enough in the North, a very difficult problem from the shooting point of view. Ordinarily the sheep on a moor are owned by the tenants of the proprietor of the moor; but these rights are exercised not by tenants, but by freeholders. Each has his own flock, large or small, his own couple of dogs, and is probably, in most cases, his own shepherd. This multiplies the number of men and dogs on the hill in the breeding-time.

But there is a further disadvantage that, under the erroneous impression that burning the heather will lessen the feed for the sheep, the owner does not permit the heather to be burnt at all, though there is ample experience available that the amount of heather and



W. A. Rouch.

THE GATE OF THE MOOR.

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feed, whether for grouse or sheep, is very largely increased by this means. The net result is a steady decrease of the unburnt heather, for sheep, as everyone knows, crop young heather, but eat the heart out of old heather. This sheep difficulty is worth setting out at some length, partly because it occurs here in rather an acute form, and partly to emphasise what wonderfully prolific birds grouse are, to multiply to the extent they have in the past on a moor where the difficulties already mentioned were present. But it can scarcely be expected that if the heather itself dwindles, the grouse will not follow suit.

It seems to be generally agreed that a winter of "storms," i.e., of snow, is greatly beneficial to the grouse on this moor. Heavy snows are usually followed by a good grouse year, with healthy birds. This would not be the case on all moors. Heavy snow, lying for weeks in an upland region with no low valleys near, simply drives off the grouse and starves a great many. But at Askriigg, where a deep valley lies just below, a lasting covering of snow on the moors is doubly beneficial. In the first place, the grouse perform a vertical migration down on to the lower parts of the hill, near the valley enclosures, and there pick up a living somehow, eating, among other things, the scarcely formed buds on the hawthorn and other trees and hazel bushes. Thus they get a change of food and of ground. In the next place, the snow "hugs up" all the heather and keeps it warm, and prevents the nascent buds from being frost-bitten, so that when the spring warmth melts the snow the birds have wholesome food.

After an exceptionally severe winter, when the snow lay on the moor for thirteen weeks, there was a fine head of grouse.



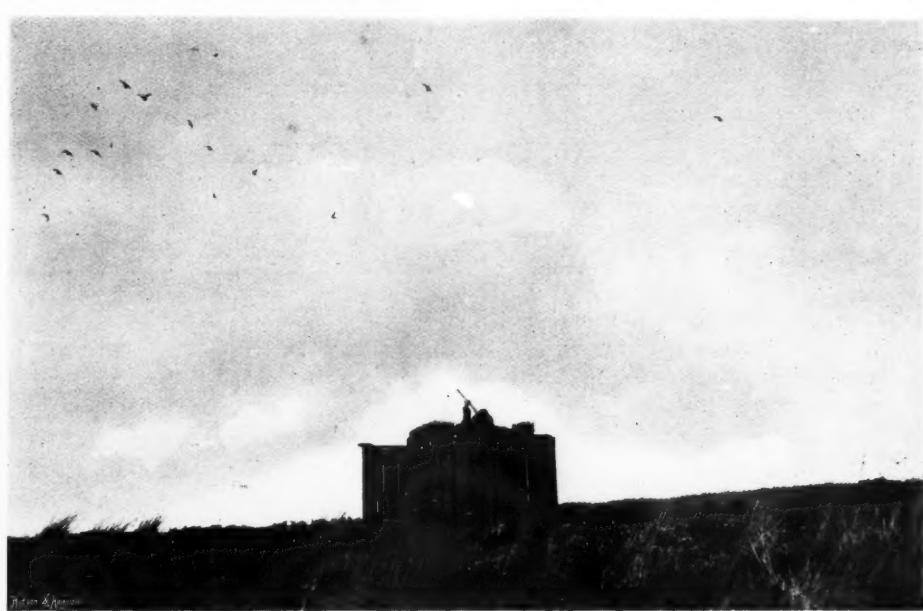
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A WATER-SPANIEL BRINGS IN A GROUSE.

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The shooting on this moor on August 26th, illustrated in this article, was much interfered with by a very high gusty wind, which, by the added "malice of inanimate things," also blew from the direction least favourable to making a bag.

On the other hand, the shooting was very straight, and the drives went on until late in the afternoon, when the weather considerably improved. The guns, besides Mr. R. C. Vyner, the host, were Mr. M. W. Pope, Major Tilney, the well-known polo player, Major Collins, Mr. L. Ames, Mr. J. Harries, Mr. Colin Smith, and the veteran Mr. John Osborn. The number of horses



W. A. Rouch.

OVER MAJOR TILNEY.

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of Mr. Vyner's which Mr. Osborn in his earlier days rode, and with which he won important races, is remembered by everyone.

But it is not everyone who knows that, after the long demands on physique and nerves made during the many years in which he was actively and most successfully engaged in his profession, he can and does ride over regularly on a hack from Middleham, a distance of fourteen miles, shoots all day with Mr. Vyner, and then rides his hack back, and comes out fresh on the morrow to a similar day's exertion, at the age of seventy-two. It will be noticed that retrieving spaniels were again in evidence at this shoot, as at Bolton Abbey, where both the Prince of Wales and Lord Farquhar were using them. Major Tilney's brown spaniel Barny, half Irish water-spaniel, half Sussex, was noticed as being exceptionally fast and accurate in quartering his ground during the "pick up." The first drive was over the "lead mine" butts, near an old disused tunnel into the top of the moor. The second and third drives were over a set of square butts, built of timber, with a regular door on hinges at the back.

Down below in the valley, close to the extremely interesting



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MR. VYNER'S SHOOTING PARTY.

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old castellated house of Nappa Hall, once the home of the Metcalfes, from whom it passed to Mr. Vyner's family at a considerable distance of time, is a warren of silver grey rabbits, reputed to be very anciently established. The warren covers some seventy acres, and is surrounded by a stone wall. The silver grey rabbits keep true to type, and were once so esteemed for their fur, before the art of preparing and dyeing rabbit fur to look like anything from seal to chinchilla was developed to the pitch to which it has now been brought, that the rabbits were sold for 12s. 6d. a couple. The young silver grey rabbits are bluish black when born, but change to the colour of maturity when about five months old.

C. J. CORNISH.

SEPTEMBER.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

SEPTEMBER: the very name has magic. In an old book, half in Latin half in English, about the months, which I came upon in a forgotten moth-eaten library years ago, and in part copied, and to my regret have not seen or heard of since, or anywhere been able to trace, I remember a singular passage about this month. Much had been said about the flowers of "these golden weekes that doe lye between the thunderous heates of summer and the windy gloomes of winter": of those flowers and plants which bloom in gardens, and those, as the harebell and poppy and late-flowering gorse, which light the green garths of meadow and woodland; as the bryony, which trails among the broken copses and interweaves the ruddy masses of bramble; as the traveller's-joy, which hangs its frail wreaths of phantom-snow along the crests of every hedgerow of beech and hornbeam. Of the changing colours of the trees, too, the old writer had much to say: of the limes "that become wan and spotted as a doe," of the mountain-ash "that has its long fingers dyed redd and browne," of "the wyche-elme whose gold is let loose on the wind after nighte-frosts and cold dawnes." Nor did he forget that "greate beautie of mistes" which we all know; and he reached eloquence when he spoke of the apple-orchards and of the wall-fruits of "olde manor-gardenes"—"the peache that women and poetes doe make the queene of fruities," "the rich glowe and savour of the apricock," "the delicate jargonell that keepes the sweetes of France in olde warne English gardenes." Of wild-fruit, also, he had dainty words and phrases. Black-berryes, "the darke-blue bilberry," the sloe "whose excellent purple blode maketh so fine a comfort," "the dusky clustres of the hasel," "the green-smokt filberte" and so forth. Even upon mushrooms he had words of sun and wind and dew, so lightsome were they, ardent and joyous, with a swift movement—as though writ by one who remembered gathering mushrooms in a sun-sweet dawn after a night of heavy dews, in company with another who laughed often in gladness and was dearest and fairest of all dear and fair things. "Howbeit," he added, after sorrowing that "many doe feare these goodly mushrooms as poysinis dampe weedes," "this dothe in nowise abate the exceedinge excellence of Goddes providence that out of the grasse and dewe where nothing was, and where onlie the lytell worme turned in his sporte, come as at the shakynge of bells these delicate meates."

Then, after some old-world lore about "the wayes of nature with beastes and byrdes" in this month, he goes further afield. "And this monthe," he says, "is the monthe of dreames, and when there is a darke (or secret) fyre in the heartes of poetes, and when the god of Love is fierce and tyrannick in imaginings and dreames, and they doe saye in deedes also, yett not after the midwaye of the monthe: butt whye I know not."

We hear so much of the poet-loved and poet-sung month of May, and the very name of June is sweet as its roses and white lilies and lavender, that it is become a romantic convention to associate them with "dreames" and the "tyrannick" season of "the god of Love." But I am convinced that the old Elizabethan or Jacobean naturalist was right. May and June are months of joy, but September is the month of "dreames" and "darke fyre." Ask those who love nature as the poet is supposed to love her, with something of ecstasy perhaps, certainly with underglow of passion: ask those in whom the imagination is as a quickening and waning but never absent flame: ask this man who travels from month to month seeking what he shall never find, or this woman whose memories and dreams are many, howsoever few her hopes . . . and the chance will be that if asked to name the month of the heart's love, it will be September. I do not altogether know why this should be so, if so it is. There is that in June which has a time-defying magic: May has her sweet affinities with Spring in the human heart: in April are the flutes of Pan: March is stormy with the clarions of the winds: October can be wild with all wildness or be the calm mirror of the passing of the loveliness of the green-world. There is not a month that has not its own signal beauty, so that many love best February, because through her surge of rains appear days of

blue wonder, with the song of the missel-thrush tost like spray from bare boughs—or November, because in the grey silence one may hear the fall of the sere leaves, and see mist and wan blueness make a new magic among deserted woods—or January, when all the visible world lies in a white trance, strange and still and miraculous as death transfigured to a brief and terrible loveliness on the face of one suddenly quiet from the fever of youth and proud beauty. There is not a month when the gold of the sun and the silver of the moon are not woven, when the rose of sunset does not lie upon hills which reddened to the rose of dawn, when the rainbow is not let loose from the tangled nets of rain and wind, when the morning-star and the evening-star do not rise and set.

And yet, for some, there is no month that has the veiled magic of September.

"The month of peace," "the month of beauty," it is called in many Gaelic songs and tales: and often, "Summerend." I remember an old *rann*, perhaps still said or sung before the peat-fires, that it was in this month God created Peace: again, an island-tale of Christ as a shepherd and the months as sheep strayed upon the hills of time. The Shepherd went out upon the hills, and gathered them one by one, and led them to the fold: but, before the fold was reached, a great wind of snow came down out of the corries, and on the left a wild flood arose, and on the narrow path there was room only, and that hardly, for the Shepherd. So He looked to see which one of the twelve He might perchance save, by lifting it in His strong arms and going with it alone to the ford. He looked long, for all were the children of His Father. Then He lifted September, saying "Even so, because thou art the month of fulfilment, and because thy secret name is Peace." But when He came out of the darkness to the fold, the Shepherd went back between the wild lips of flood and tempest, and brought to the fold June, saying, "Because thy secret name is Joy": and, in turn, one by one, He brought each to the fold, saying unto each, in this order, "May, because thy secret name is Love"; "April, because thou art made of tears and laughter"; "July, because thou art Beauty"; "August, thou quiet Mother"; "October, because thy name is Content"; "March, because thy name is Strife"; "February, because thy name is Hope"; "November, because thy name is Silence"; "January, because thou art Death"; and at the last, "December, whom I have left to the end, for neither tempest could whelm nor flood drown thee, for thy name is the Resurrection and the Life."

And when the tale was told, some one would say "But how, then, was September chosen first?"

And the teller would say "Because its secret name is Peace, and Peace is the secret name of Christ."

It is no wonder the poets have loved so well this month whose name has in it all the witchery of the North. There is the majesty of the hill-solitudes in it, when the moorlands are like a purple sea. It has the freshness of the dew-white bramble-copses, of the bracken become russet and pale gold, of the wandering frostfire along the highways of the leaf, that mysterious breath whose touch is silent flame. It is the month when the sweet, poignant second-song of the robin stirs the heart as a child's gladness among tears. "The singer of September," a Gaelic poet calls it, and many will recall the lovely lines of the old half-forgotten Elizabethan poet on the bird

"That hath the bugle eyes and ruddy breast
And is the yellow autumn's nightingale."

It is strange how much bird-lore and beast-lore lies with September. The moor-cock, the stag, the otter, the sea-wandering salmon, the corncrake, and the cuckoo and the swift, I know not how many others, have their tale told or their farewell sung to the sound and colour of September. The poets have loved it for the unreturning feet of Summer whose vanishing echoes are in its haunted aisles, and for the mysterious silences of the veiled arrivals of Winter. It is the month of the year's fulfillings—

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close-bosom'd friend of the maturing sun."

And yet there are other Septembers than the Septembers of memory, than the Septembers of the imagination. For three years past the month has come with rains from the sea and cold winds out of the east and north. The robin's song has been poignantly sweet as of yore, but the dream-glow has been rare upon the hill and valley, and in the woods and on the moor-slopes the leaf has hung bannerets of dusky yellow, and the bracken burned dullly without amber and flametit bronze. This year, though, there has been some return of those September days which we believe in while yet a long way off, as we believe in May, as we feel assured of June. This last June was truly a month of roses, and in May the east wind slept: but last year the roses trailed along flooded byways, and the east wind nipped bud and blossom through the bleak days of "the merry month," and a colourless and forlorn September must have chilled even that "darke fyre in the heartes of poetes" of which the old naturalist wrote. There have been days of peace this year, and

of the whole beauty of Summerend. In the isles, among the hills, on forest lands and uplands, and by the long plains and valleys of the south, the September blue—which is part a flame of azure and part a haze of the dust of pearls—has lain over land and sea like a benediction. How purple the western moors, what depths of floating violet and pale translucencies of amethyst on the transfigured mountains. What loveliness of pale blue mist in the hollows of quiet valleys; what richness of reds and ambers where the scarlet-fruited ash hangs over the unruffled brown pool; what profuse gold and ungathered amber where the yellow gorse climbs the hillside and the armies of the bracken invade every windy solitude. How lovely those mornings when the dew is frost-white and the gossamer is myriad in intricate interlacings that seem woven of aerial diamond-dust. What peace in that vast serenity of blue where not the smallest cloud is seen, where only seaward the gannet may hang immeasurably high like a winged star, or, above inland pastures, the windhover poised in his miraculous suspense.

But, alas, only "days." It has not been the September of the heart's desire, of the poet's dream. The advance-guard

of the equinox has again and again come in force: the grey wind has wailed from height to height, and moaned among the woods. Even in the gardens the wall-fruits have hardly given the wonted rich warmth, though the apples have made a brave show. Yesterday there was a hush in the wind; a delicate frost lingered after a roseflush dawn; and the inward light came out of the heather, the bracken and the gorse, out of the yellow limes and the amber planes and the changing oaks, and upon the hillside turned the great pine on the further crag into a column of pale gold and made the lichenized boulders like the half sunken gates of buried cities of topaz and jasper and chalcedony. But to-day vast masses of sombre cloud have been swung inland from the Atlantic, and the gale has the wild mournful sough that we look for in the dark months. It is in the firelight that one must recapture September. It lies hidden in that warm heart, amid the red and yellow flowers of flame: and in that other heart, which, also, has its "darke fyre," that heart in whose lands lie by neither sun nor moon are the secret glens where old dreams live again, and where the dreams of the hour are radiant in their new wonder and their new beauty.

THE ST. LEGER AND PRETTY POLLY.



W. A. Rouch.

PRETTY POLLY.

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ON Tuesday, September 24th, 1776, "A Sweepstakes of twenty-five guineas each, for three year olds; fillies 7st. 12lb., colts 8st.; two miles; six subscribers," was run for on Doncaster Town Moor, and won by Lord Rockingham's brown filly Allabaculia. Two years later, at the suggestion of the Marquess of Rockingham, the race received the name of "The St. Leger Stakes," out of compliment to Lieutenant-General Anthony St. Leger of Park Hill; and this, the first race for the St. Leger, was won by Sir T. Gascoigne's grey filly Hollandaise. In the 126 years that have elapsed since then many mares have won that race, and around the names of some of them still lingers a touch of the glamour of the past. Queen of Trumps, Hannah, Marie Stuart, Apology, Jannette, Seabreeze, Memoir, La Flèche, and Sceptre are a glorious band of the mares who have won both the Oaks and the St. Leger; but now a name more illustrious than even theirs

must be added to the roll, and for all time Pretty Polly's name will go down to posterity as perhaps the most brilliant mare that up to now the Turf has seen. She seems entitled to that pre-eminence, for she is so absolutely consistent in her races. Amongst her predecessors were animals of the highest class and of great brilliancy, but they all, even Sceptre, had their days; and though winning much more often than they lost, yet each in her turn knew the meaning of defeat. Not so Pretty Polly—she has but one record, and it is a winning record; all days are alike to her. From her first appearance on a race-course up to now, opposition to the flying mare has been quite useless, and never once has she even been pressed, nor has she ever allowed anything to be near her at the finish of a race. As soon as her rider allows her to win her race, the swinging stride is lengthened out, stronger and freer comes the fling of the splendid quarters, and the race is over. Her competitors can follow, and labour till they

[Sept. 17th, 1904.]



W. A. Rouch.

THE STARTERS FOR THE ST. LEGER.

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choke and sob, but it is all in vain, for "Pretty Polly won without the semblance of an effort" is the invariable verdict. By winning the St. Leger and the Park Hill Stakes Pretty Polly succeeded

to them. Half a mile from home she took her place, and as they swung into the straight she took up the running. Just for a few strides she was allowed to gallop, and the race was over. Past the winning-post she flew, with her ears pricked and quite at her ease. Three lengths behind her came Henry the First, eight or ten lengths in front of Almscliff, the rest nowhere, and the faint-hearted St. Amant absolutely last. So easily, without an effort, did Pretty Polly win, that even immediately after the race she was not in the least put out, and walked in as unconcernedly as if she had just had a quiet exercise canter, although, as a matter of fact, she had covered the distance in 3 min. 5 1/5 sec., beating all previous records for the race. After a day's rest Pretty Polly came out again for the Park Hill Stakes, in

which she had to give weight away to all the others; it made no difference, for once more she won, pulling hard, in a common canter. Her strong attachment to her friend the cob was a



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PRETTY POLLY WINS IN A CANTER.

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in accomplishing the task in which Sceptre failed. The story of this year's struggle for the great St. Leger needs little telling, but that little is full of interest. St. Amant, the winner of a most sensational Derby, was amongst the competitors; Henry the First, who was for a long time looked upon as the probable Derby winner, Almscliff, who since his Goodwood victory has shown form very nearly approaching to the highest class, Andover, and St. Denis, who was third in the great race on Epsom Downs, were all there to do battle with the mare, who jumped off first when the barrier went up, but was almost immediately steadied back. St. Amant then went to the front, and obtained the lead, which many people thought he would maintain until the end. Going over the hill he increased his advantage, with Almscliff second. Pretty Polly, cantering along, was then third, and Andover last. When they came into view again Almscliff had closed up with St. Amant, and as they passed the rifle-butts he showed slightly in front, with the flying mare, hard held, dancing along close

source of much amusement on this occasion. The cob, after being allowed to accompany her in the parade, took charge of her rider and set off in hot pursuit of the mare on her way to



W. A. Rouch.

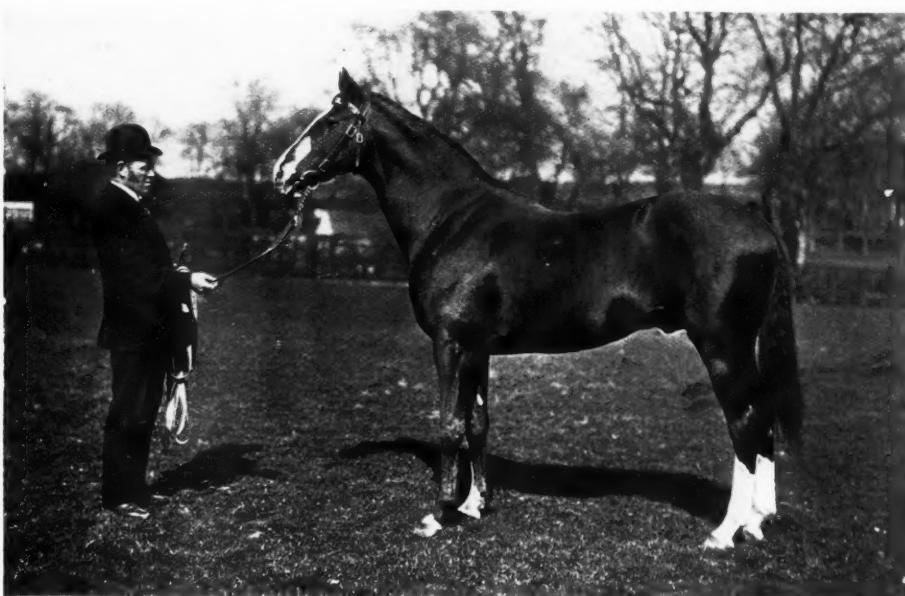
PRETTY POLLY STRIPPED.

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the start, and had to be removed from the race-course. But Pretty Polly knew what was going on, and even just before the barrier went up was turning her head round and looking wistfully for her companion, whom she greeted most affectionately when the race was over. She has now won fifteen races in succession, amounting to £1,692 sovs. in value. Races have nowadays so much increased in value that the mere amount of money won by Pretty Polly would not entitle her to be placed in front of her competitors past and present; but, taking into account the class of races she has won, and the fact that she has never known defeat, I cannot help thinking that she must be the very best mare that has hitherto been bred. In searching the records of the past one comes to Achievement in 1866 and Lady Elizabeth in 1867, both mares of quite exceptional class. Further back still, in 1839, the celebrated Crucifix—of whom Mr. Tattersall wrote that "she was the most extraordinary two year old that ever trod the English Turf"—ran for, and won, nine consecutive races as a two year old, exactly the same number as Pretty Polly; and, to the best of my knowledge, these are the only two fillies of high class that were never beaten as two year olds. The winning record of this marvellous mare is, of course, well known to all racing folks; but a brief record of it may not be uninteresting to those who do not follow racing quite so closely. As a two year old she ran for and won the British Dominion T.Y.O. Race at Sandown Park, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at the same place, the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster (with St. Amant and Lancashire behind her), the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester, the Cheveley Park Stakes, the Middle Park Plate, the Criterion Stakes, and the Moulton Stakes on the following day, ending her two year old career unbeaten and with £13,496 sovs. to her owner's credit in stakes. As a three year old she has won, this year, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes, the Nassau Stakes, the St. Leger, and the Park Hill Stakes. All of these races were won in a canter, and she has added a further sum of £18,196 sovs. to her winning credit. Pretty Polly is a daughter of Gallinule out of Admiration. Her sire was a dark chestnut horse of great power, standing 16h.; he measured 8½ in. below the knee, and girthed 6ft. 2in.; he was a beautifully-bred horse by Isonomy out of Moorhen, by Hermit out of a daughter of Skirmisher and

a very good sale. He has been a consistently good sire, and will probably be at the head of the list of winning sires this season.

Doncaster Week might almost be called "the Gallinule week" this year, for in addition to Pretty Polly herself, he has had such horses as Galangal, Santry, Courlan, and Hammerkop to represent him. Admiration, the dam of Pretty Polly, is a mare by Saraband out of Gaze; she was of no value whatever for racing purposes. She was foaled in 1892, and ran unplaced as a two year old at Goodwood and Sandown Park. Kempton



W. A. Rouch.

GALLINULE.

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Cannon rode her the next year at the Bibury Club Meeting in the Fullerton Handicap, but could not manage to win. She then went to Ireland, where, after two defeats, she did win a race, of the value of £48 10s. The next year she won an unimportant handicap at Leopardstown, and these are the only two races she ever won; but even if she does no more she will long be remembered as the dam of a most brilliant mare. It is almost impossible to explain the essential points in the breeding of Pretty Polly without giving a tabulated pedigree, which is the only means of clearly indicating how that which is deficient in some quarterings is strengthened and corrected by the infusion of other strains. The one salient fact in the pedigree, however, is that

it is to a most extraordinary extent full of "Sire" blood, and that an analysis of it shows that out of thirty-two quarterings there are no less than twenty-seven of the sire and running figures. The whole pedigree is extremely interesting to those who care about such matters. Such a very successful picture of Pretty Polly by Mr. Rouch accompanies these lines that a description of the mare is almost a superfluity. She is a beautifully coloured chestnut, and is herself an extraordinary combination of great power and supreme symmetry and elegance. She is so truly balanced, with all the power in the right places, that nothing is an effort to her. So apparently effortless and easy is her motion, that it is only by the hopelessly beaten condition of the horses struggling in vain to follow her that one can realise the terrific speed at which she moves. She is a mare quite out of the common in many ways. She is most wonderfully intelligent, and has a very strong liking for the people and surroundings to which she is attached. She has an inseparable companion in the shape of a hack which accompanies her everywhere,

and only leaves her when she is actually going to the start for a race, and if her faithful friend is not there to greet her immediately after the race, her ladyship is much annoyed; and it is only when they have rubbed noses that she will condescend to attend to the less important matters of unsaddling, etc. Anything that she does not know or understand she will at once investigate, and her study of a goose that happened to be on the moor when she was out at exercise on Thursday morning was most amusing to witness. She likes having her picture taken,



W. A. Rouch.

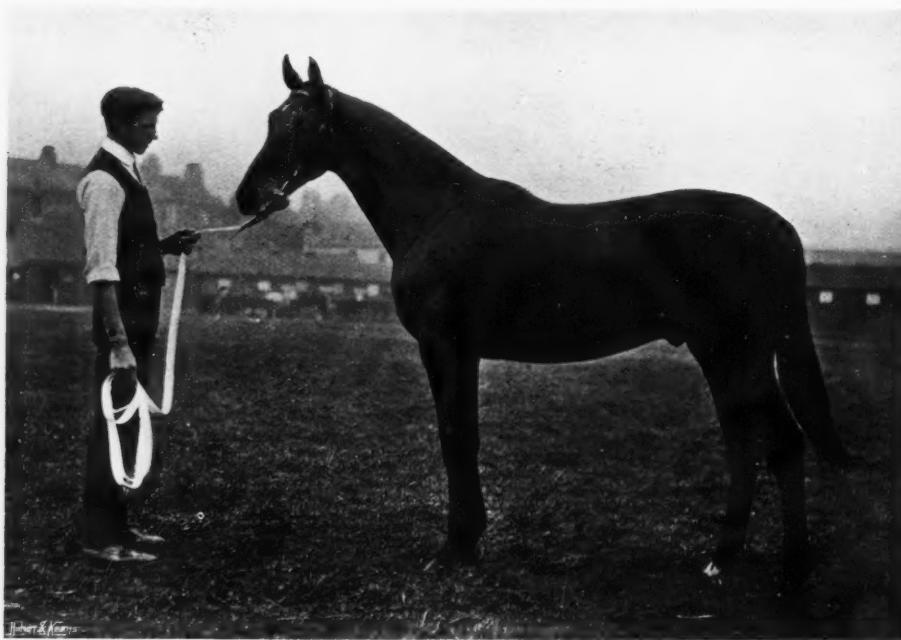
GALLINULE-TIERCE FILLY.

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Vertumna, by Stockwell. As a two year old Gallinule at times showed really good racing capabilities, taking part in eight races, of which he won three, including the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park; as a three year old he was "placed" once or twice, but he won no more races during his career on the Turf, and few people would ever have imagined that he would have developed into such a successful stallion. He was offered to several people for £1,000, and when Captain Greer bought him at that price, Charles Morton thought he had effected

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and "poses" for it quite in a way of her own. She is a most good-tempered and good-natured mare, and is really popular with everybody who knows her. Only once has Pretty Polly shown temper of any sort, and that was when what might have been indeed a cruel stroke of fate was happily averted. On returning from exercise one morning, the lads were dismounting and leading their horses into the boxes, when one of them took a deliberate kick at Pretty Polly, just grazing her hock. An inch the other way, and irreparable mischief would have been done.



W. A. Rouch.

PERSIMMON—MARY SEATON.

But Pretty Polly, with all her good nature, is not one to turn the other cheek to the smiter, and in return she let fly a kick, which effectually prevented any more impertinence.

Among the yearlings sold at Doncaster last week was a filly by Gallinule out of Tierce, bred by Sir Tatton Sykes at Sledmere. Her picture, together with a smaller one of Pretty Polly, is given with this article, and, allowing for the difference of outline between a yearling and a thoroughly trained and developed mare, the strong resemblance of the youngster to her brilliant relative will be noticed, especially in the shape and lines of their quarters, and the very characteristic manner in which both of them stand. Comparisons are always odious, and without any positive line to go upon it is difficult to arrive at a decision; but in my opinion Pretty Polly is a better mare than even Sceptre was. She is nearer the ground, her shoulders run further into her back, she is better to follow, and is better ribbed. Some of Sceptre's performances were extremely brilliant, but she was not always capable of showing her best form; and, moreover, astounding as were some of the deeds she did, she had to do all she could in the performance of them. On the other hand, no one has ever yet seen Pretty Polly even asked to gallop. T. H. B.

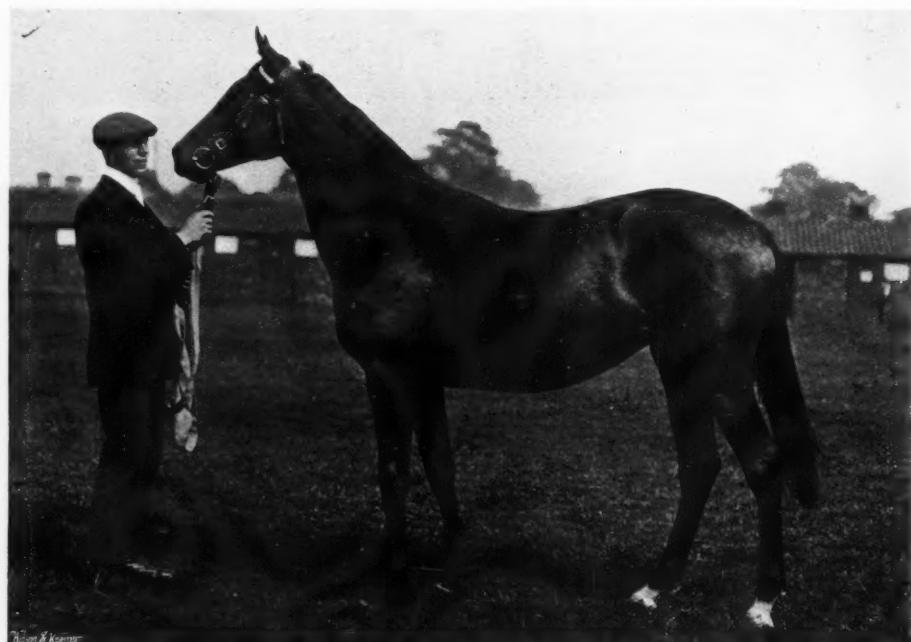
HARD to please indeed must be the racing man, who really enjoys racing and the sight of thoroughbred horses, who did not enjoy himself at Doncaster. Pretty Polly, of course, won the St. Leger in the commonest of canters; but just for a few strides Lane let her go, and it was worth all the journey to Doncaster to see what a revelation of power and effortless increase of speed those few strides were. St. Amant had every opportunity given him to win his race; but he was "funking" before the barrier went up, and crouched up exactly as I have always maintained he would do when tackled. He is probably the worst horse that has ever won a Derby. Henry the First did something to rehabilitate his reputation, and, with Pretty Poly out of the way, would have made hacks of the rest of the field for the St. Leger. Tuesday ushered in a very busy day. In the early morning there was the work done by the horses due to run later on to watch, and very interesting it was. St. Amant, ridden by Kempton Cannon and led by Bowery, went a

useful gallop of a mile and a-half. He went well and looked well, but was completely dwarfed by the appearance of Pretty Polly, who, looking big and full of muscle, was simply full of the physical enjoyment of perfect health and spirits. Morny Cannon had a most unpleasant canter on Pamflet, with no hing to lead her. She was shirking her work all the time, and Morny had to "cluck" her along at the best pace he could. To see Sam Darling's team alone amply repaid one for early rising. He had a dozen of them out, all looking trained as Darling does train his horses. They all had nice canters in pairs after their walking exercise was over, the last two to come down being Niphos and Queen of the Earth. A walk back across the fields, and breakfast with a healthy appetite, filled up the time previous to the commencement of the bloodstock sales, at which there was nothing of any great account to notice on this, the opening day. Mr. Musker's numerous string were sold far below their value, the beautiful filly by Melton out of Glue going for 860 guineas, and the filly by Melton out of Dunover, an absolute bargain, to Mr. Blackwell for 210 guineas. The executors of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple sold the colt by Mackintosh out of Mereden for 660 guineas, and Lord Westbury purchased the filly by Royal Hampton out of Cimiez, out of the same lot, for 2,300 guineas.

Racing began at two o'clock with the Fitzwilliam Stakes, which Ardeer won for Mr. J. B. Joel. The Doncaster Welter Handicap produced a dead heat between Caravel and Donetta; and the following race for the Champagne Stakes, which Pretty Polly won last year, was also a dead heat between Verdiana and Galangal. Two dead heats in succession was certainly a sensational commencement to the week's racing, and I do not remember that such a thing has previously occurred. Pernmiller won the Glasgow Nursery Handicap for Mr. Jardine, and cleared the way for the Great Yorkshire Handicap of 1,300 sovereigns, over 1m. 6fur. 132yds. Loveite was soon installed as favourite at 4 to 1, but he gave a very disappointing exhibition in the race, which resulted in a pretty contest between Hammerkop, Hands Down, and Whistling Crow, who finished as written. The Stand Plate was won by Mr. C. H. Hannam's Guigne; and in

the Clumber Plate, the concluding race of the day, Morny Cannon gave us a really splendid exhibition of race-riding when he landed Kilglass a short head in front of Vidame. The sales on Wednesday included the yearlings sent up from the Straffan Stud, from Worksop Manor, and from Chesterford Park, but buyers were again in a very hesitating mood, and although some of the very best fetched fairly good prices, there was no animation in the proceedings. The

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GALLINULE—MOIRA FILLY.

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brown colt by Bill of Portland, in Major Platt's lot, went far below his value at 510 guineas, and must be a bargain to Mr. I'Anson, who bought him. A bay filly by Orme out of Lonely went to Mr. Marsh for 900 guineas; and when the colt by Persimmon out of Mary Seaton made his appearance buyers at last woke up, and Mr. Dugdale had to go to 2,600 guineas before securing him. In the Worksop Manor Stud a brown filly by the all-conquering Gallinule out of Moira went to Mr. R. Croker for 3,100 guineas. There were many yearlings sold at absurd prices, and anyone intending to start a racing stud had an excellent opportunity of getting together a more than useful string at a very moderate outlay. The crowded state of the traffic and the

throngs of people wending their way to the race-course afforded a sure indication that it was the St. Leger Day. I have already dealt with the great race itself. In the Cleveland Handicap Plate Nipheta last justified her reputation by beating such speedy horses as Countermark, St. Emilion, Hackler's Pride, and Nabot; she is a very good-looking mare, by Bill of Portland, and it is needless to say that Darling, her trainer, had sent her to the post in the best of condition. To a rolling accompaniment of hearty Yorkshire cheers, Chatsworth carried the Royal colours first past the post in the Bradgate Park Plate, and his running should draw attention to Saltpetre in the Cesarewitch. Colonel Wozac won the Rufford Abbey Handicap Plate rather easily for Sir J. Miller from Mr. G. Faber's Fermoye and Mr. L. de Rothschild's St. Kitts; and Cosily Lady, who was probably feeling her race of the previous day, had to put up with defeat by Shah Jehan in the Tattersall Sale Stakes.

For some reason or other there was a turn for the better in the sale-rings on Thursday morning. A brown colt by Ayrshire out of Lady Alwyne (brother to Airs and Graces) went to Mr. R. H. Henning for 2,200 guineas. The ring was crowded when the Sledmere yearlings came up for sale, and the ten young'ers made the satisfactory average of 1,180 guineas, amongst them the beautiful filly by Gallinule out of Tierce going to Mr. Croker for 3,600 guineas, the best price realised at Doncaster this year. The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., also had a thoroughly satisfactory sale. Thursday will long be remembered by the fact that the historic rifle-butts were burning while racing was going on, and that in consequence the first race of the day, in which the horses would have had to run past them, had to be put off till the end of the afternoon. The Portland Plate is always an exciting race, and the best "sprinters" of the day are usually to be found competing for it. This year was no exception to the rule, for among the seventeen starters were such horses as Santry, Sundridge, Melayr, Le Blizon, Helter Skelter, and Killeean. Melayr was quickest away from the start. Coming into the straight, Santry took the lead, with Divorce Court and Sundridge in hot pursuit. Just past the distance old Sundridge made a gallant effort under his crushing burden of 9st. 7lb., but he could not quite get up, and Santry, 7st. 13lb., beat him by a head. Xeny, who had been extremely unlucky in the race, made up his ground in extraordinary fashion, and finished third. Mr. C. Perkins's Norham won the Corporation Selling Race, and Yorkshiremen showed their appreciation of the victory of a North Country horse, owned, trained, and ridden by North Countrymen. The postponed Alexandra Handicap was now decided in favour of Mr. R. Walker's Courlan, who beat Glenamoy, a hot favourite, by a length, with that honest performer Whistling Crow third.

On Friday the bidding in the sale-rings was decidedly slack, and I do not think that any buyer has ever before succeeded, or ever will in the future succeed, in eclipsing Mr. J. B. Arthur's purchases. For the sum of 20 guineas that gentleman became the owner of four well-bred yearlings, which he bought successively at five guineas each. To make some amends, however, for the dulness of the sale-rings the racing was of a decidedly interesting character. Mr. Musker secured the Doncaster Stakes with Admiral Breeze. A tremendous field of twenty-three faced the starter for the Prince of Wales's Nursery



W. A. Rouch.

GALLINULE—NUSHKA FILLY.

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Handicap. Lord Carnarvon's Hegemay, who had arrived over-night, was quickly made favourite at 5 to 1. Perita jumped away when the barrier went up in front of Kuroki, Queen of the Earth, Cherry Ripe, Carrelet, and Bibiani, with Romulus last. Making the turn for home, Queen of the Earth went on in front, but could not keep her place; Kuroki took up the running, and shaking off a challenge from Bibiani on the right, and another one from Carrelet on the left, strode home a winner by a length and a half, with Bibiani and Carrelet making a dead heat of it for second place. Then came a capital race for the famous Doncaster Cup; there were only three starters, but the three were Palmy Days, Bachelor's Button, and Robert le Diable. Bachelor's Button made the running from Robert le Diable for about three-quarters of a mile, when Palmy Days joined in the fray, and from the bend home the race apparently lay between them; but when Maher just picked up his whip on the mare, a roar went up for Bachelor's Button. Coming up the straight, however, Lane brought up Robert le Diable, settled Bachelor's Button in a few strides, and won easily by five lengths. The Park Hill Stakes gave us another opportunity of seeing Pretty Polly defy competition. Mr. Alexander's Bitters, to whom she was giving 9lb., made all the running she could, in the hope that the mare might be feeling the effects of her race for the St. Leger, but it was all in vain. Pretty Polly swept past her in the straight, and won literally in a hack canter, never once having been allowed to extend herself. The meeting ended with the Westmoreland Plate, which fell to Sir R. Waldie Griffith by the aid of Hymenaeus. I am fortunately able to give some pictures by Mr. Rouch of two or three of the best yearlings sold at Doncaster. The filly by Gallinule out of Moira is preferred by some excellent judges to the Gallinule filly out of Tierce, whose portrait is given in another part of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, but that is not the opinion of the writer. Next week I shall have time and space to deal with the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

TRENTON.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF all the real or imaginary inhabitants of the invisible world, Auld Nickie-ben, as Burns called him, has ever remained the most sovereign and the most interesting. Even in the nineteenth century Carlyle used to declare between jest and earnest that a "parsonal deevil" still existed. To-day, however, there are few artists who would attempt to give definite shape to the enemy of mankind. It was otherwise in days of old, when people lived with the certainty in their minds that this incarnation of evil was really going about the world like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour, and that under his command were legions of under-sprites ready to further his designs and seeking ever to enthrall the souls of men. Some of our greatest literature is inspired by that theme, as in the legend of Faustus, where the man sells his soul to the devil and in return obtains certain advantages. There is no need to refer particularly to Marlowe's famous play, or the not less significant poem of Goethe; but how much associated with the thoughts of men has been this idea of the Devil will be apparent to those who read a new work by Mr. Charles Wall called *Devils* (Methuen). It is a popular compilation, and, perhaps, the author would have done better if he had allowed the subject to simmer in his mind for a time, and had gathered together more Devil lore than his small volume is capable of holding. To treat the subject exhaustively would have demanded a vaster learning than he brings to the task; but he has done sufficient to stimulate the imagination, and perhaps some other gleaner in the same field may come forward and do more justice to the subject. As frontispiece to the work he has very

appropriately given a photograph of the famous sculpture on Notre Dame in Paris, which shows what is perhaps the most ideal Devil ever conceived in the mind of man. It is a horned figure with cheeks resting on its hands, wings erect, and tongue slightly protruding. But the artist's triumph lies in the aspect of brooding evil that he has been able to impart to his work. Perhaps it would be more interesting to follow Mr. Wall in an orderly manner through his various chapters. In his introduction he shows what was scarcely necessary—that in mediæval legend the tempter was responsible for all the wickedness of men. He it was who allowed drink to become an evil and reduce its victim to the condition popularly described as that of seeing blue devils; he it was who prompted the dark murder, the glutinous feast and the crimes that followed it. He is also credited with assuming a great variety of shapes, pleasing and unpleasing. Now he comes as a fair maiden, tempting the amorous, as so often happens in the legendary ballads of Scotland, in which he seems able to assume at will the appearance of either sex. But no sooner is the heart of man or maiden won than swift death and destruction follows it. He was credited, too, with entering into various animals, notably the hare, but he was denied the power of crossing a running stream under his disguise. It will be remembered that Burns makes splendid use of this superstition about the Devil in his famous "Tam o' Shanter," where Cutty-sark, and the rest, chased him until he came to the bridge, when his old steed carried him well over:

" Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail."

Sometimes the Devil was sickled by being set impossible tasks to do. Mr. Wall gives the legend of St. Cuthman; but more to the point was that of Michael Scott, whose demon one night cleft the Eildon Hill in three, on another bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone, but was beaten by his third task, which was to make ropes out of the sea sand. Stories of this kind are simply innumerable. Many of them were possibly invented to account for natural phenomena, such as the Devil's Arrows, Boroughbridge; the Devil's Pulpit, on the Wye; the Devil's Quoits, at Stanton Harcourt; the Devil's Bit, near Templemore, Ireland; the Devil's Frying-pan, in Cornwall; the Devil's Neckerclothes, at Rotherhithe; the Devil's Drop, at Dover; the Devil's Den, near Marlborough; the Devil's Punch-bowl, at Longwood, St. Helena; the Devil's Mill, at Dollar, and so on.

Closely associated with the Devil is the idea of hell, which, according to early legend, was situated "under the earth and twofold," in the words of Dean Boys of Canterbury, 1625. Imagination went to the one extreme of considering it vaguely, as is done by Caedmon, or one of his imitators, who condemns Holofernes in these words:

"Nor dare he have hope
In the heart of the dark habitation of dragons
Thence to depart, but he there must abide
In that dwelling of dimness, undawned on of joy
Ever and ever for infinite ages."

On the other hand, many went into details, and Erasmus complained that they

"make as many divisions in hell and purgatory, and describe as many different sorts and degrees of punishments, as if they were very well acquainted with the soil and situation of these infernal regions."

No doubt it was Homer, when he sent Odysseus down into the nether regions, that originated the idea of giving hell dimensions. Even from the very literal-minded caricature of the Homeric idea that found a place some time ago in a London theatre, a conception may be obtained of the daring and magnificent scene conjured up by the oldest and greatest of the literary magicians. It was improved upon in a sense by Virgil when he caused "Pius Aeneas" to make the same journey. Lastly came Dante with his shuddering picture, and the inscription even more terrible than the scenes he depicted:

"Abandon hope all ye that enter here."

It will be remembered that the founder of the Jesuits laid it down as one of the principles of the Order that the novitiates should spend a certain time in trying to realise before their mind's eye the dimensions of hell, its depth, the lurid smoke rising up from its blackness, the sufferers, and other material points that would give actuality to their preaching. As painted by Andrea Orcagna, hell had about twenty compartments, from Hell Gate,

to which the souls were conducted by Charon and his bark, to Pluto in the midst of a glacier burning the damned. Fielding, in his "Journey from This World to the Next," gives a delightfully ironic caricature of the myths and legends that had gathered around the soul's last journey. Our author goes on to consider at length the Devil in art. He naturally begins with the various representations of the serpent, which before the curse was pronounced upon it was usually figured upright. The Temptation was a favourite subject of early artists, and from the pictures of Raphael and others we may gain an excellent idea of what they conceived the Devil to be like. According to M. de Maury, the earliest representation of the Devil in human form is on the carved ivory cover to the manuscript gospels of Charles Le Chauve, where his head is adorned with horns and around his body is coiled a serpent. In a Greek manuscript of the eleventh or twelfth century, the devils are human but black. With the Oriental Devil most of us have made acquaintance in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments"; but the best Devil ever painted, in our estimation, is that in the Campo Santo at Pisa, attributed to Orcagna, in which he is represented consuming sinners, the idea being taken from the "Inferno":

"At six eyes he wept : the tears
Adown three chains distilled with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,
Bruised as with ponderous engine ; so that three
Were in this guise tormented."

There is an interesting chapter on proverbs, but it does not seem to us sufficiently exhaustive. They are all familiar, but the most trenchant are perhaps these :

"The Devil tempts all, but the idle man tempts the Devil."
"The Devil alone can cheat the Hebrew."
"Where the Devil cannot go himself he sends an old woman."

But, when all is said and done, nothing has been written about the Devil with so much pawkly wit as Burns's "Address to the Devil," of which the two inimitable last verses may appropriately conclude these remarks :

"An' now, auld 'Cloots,' I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit ;
But faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But fare-you-well, auld 'Nickie-ben !'
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake :
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!"

FROM THE FARMS.

STUBBLES.

AT this time of day economy is the soul of agriculture as well as of the Army, and the farmer's profits are made up far more than used to be the case of small things. Twenty-five years ago the corn used to be cut rather carelessly, and often no horse rake was employed, while what was left on the land was gathered by the gleaners; but since grain has cheapened so much, poor people do not care to go gleaning as they used to. On the other hand, a very great deal of grain is knocked out by the machinery now in common use. How to get any benefit out of it is, therefore, worth considering, as, if left alone, it will only make an abortive attempt at sprouting and be of no use whatever to the ground. Undoubtedly the most economical plan is to change this otherwise wasted grain into chicken. It is an easy matter to take out the hen coops to the fields, when the poultry will not only pick up the fallen grain, but many hurtful seeds as well, besides doing good to the ground and themselves receiving the benefit of a healthy change. Often on a farm there are things on wheels, food-boxes and what not, that can easily be drawn from one field to another, or from one part of a field to another, so that all the stubbles can be covered. With young poultry just about ready to go into the fattening pens this will be found an advantageous proceeding. It is also a capital plan to follow with ducks, whose flesh improves immensely in flavour from what is picked up on the stubbles.

THISTLES.

In September the good husbandman becomes painfully conscious of the sins of any slovenly and careless neighbour that he may happen to have, for the seed of the thistle is now ripe, and in some parts of the country may be seen blowing like showers of snow over the land, blowing in such clouds that if the goldfinch, which rejoices in this seed, were to multiply in numbers beyond what is conceivable, it would still be unable to deal with the extraordinary quantity. This

seed the wind carries indifferently to good land and bad, to that which receives no attention, and that which is most carefully cultivated. It is almost a crime to let it ripen, and the Board of Agriculture might very well be asked to consider whether steps should not be taken to enforce the cutting of the thistles before or just after they have come into flower. Even that would not wholly meet the difficulty, because the evil is worst in those parts of the country where land is left derelict, and the weeds and nothing else flourish a-main. Such land eventually becomes a plague spot to the country-side, and owing to the wide distribution of the seeds of many noxious plants, involves those who are most careful in eradicating weeds in great trouble and expense next season. In this case the evil is one that can scarcely be dealt with, as it would be unfair to expect that when land is not worth cultivation at all money and labour should be employed to rid it of weeds.

THE HONEY HARVEST.

There are few branches of farming that have not done well enough this year to compel the very farmers themselves to admit that they have something to be grateful for; but one of the minor branches that has been a comparative failure in more than one district is the bee-keeping and honey-making industry. This is rather surprising, for the summer, generally speaking, has been such a fine one, and the bloom of most kinds of flowers so abundant, that we should certainly have expected the yield of honey to be above, rather than below, the normal standard. Such, however, has not proved to be by any means the case. The bee-keepers do not seem to be very clear as to the reason why so little honey has been made in a year apparently so favourable. The clover crop, from which so much of the earlier honey is commonly made, was a good one; but the bees did not take advantage of it. It still remains to see what they will do with the heather, in districts where they have heather to feed on. An explanation that is hazarded, and that may or may not be the right one, is

that, by reason of the continued dry weather, the flowers did not secrete their usual amount of nectar.

A USE FOR ACORNS.

A hint that the farmer may profitably observe in a year of many acorns like the present, is that a great preventive of the evil that they are likely to do to the stock is to give the beasts a good feed of hay in the morning before they are turned out into the fields. It is a preventive that will be adopted with the greater readiness this year because of the cheapness and abundance of hay. The effect of the hay is easy enough to understand: when the beasts that have their stomachs full of hay swallow the acorns, these lie and are entangled in the hay in the animals' interior, and when the hay is brought up again for rumination or hewing the cud, the acorn is brought up with it and crushed so that it can be digested. If all wise measures were so simply to be understood, there would not be such reluctance in adopting them on part of some of the good old conservative stamp of farmer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAS THE HIGHLAND RED DEER DEGENERATED?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The notes in your issue of September 10th on this subject are of great interest to all who love the red deer and the art of stalking. But now that you have broached this question, one may be allowed to hope that the enquiry will be carried further and deeper than in the contemporary and practical observations which your contributors have given us. For the answer to your question must depend upon the date chosen for comparison. The renaissance of deer-stalking in Scotland dates from after the year 1840, when a deer-stalker from Germany married the Queen of England and taught English Royalty the sport of Scottish kings; and a great painter fired the imaginations of Londoners by such works as the "Children of the Mist." Society "went North," and, after its usual fashion, went mad, too, over a new sport. Sandie and Macdougal welcomed them with Highland industries and "the usual varieties of Highland game." The Cockney browned his knees and imagined he was decent in a kilt. His wife professed to believe that a pibroch could be rendered on a piano. The poor Highland laird entered on a vista of unearned but unfailing wealth, and the poor Highland deer on a period of dignity and protection. It is probably not too much to say that the influence of the late Prince Consort and Sir Edwin Landseer combined to save the Highlands from poverty, and the red deer from extinction. For what were the conditions of the Highlands at that time compared to their conditions four or five centuries before? The red deer is by nature essentially a wood-living animal. On the bare, wet, cold hillsides of the modern Highlands he exists under unnatural and unfavourable conditions. Wherever he finds the sheltered luxuriance of large woods he appears as a far finer animal. Look at Lord Lovat's great stags from the Beaufort Woods. Look at the Exmoor deer. Take the whole of Europe, from the old parks and forests of France, through Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, to the Carpathian and Servian forests, and on to the oak woods of Albania and Greece, and the forest wealth of the Western Caucasus. The same rule holds good—the deeper and richer the timber, the bigger and finer the deer. Now, many centuries ago, much of these conditions were to be found in the Scottish Highlands. A large tract of that country was covered by dense forests of deciduous trees—oak, ash, beech, etc.—the great Silvia Caledonia, of which remains are still left in the low-ground woods of Tarnaway, Calder, Abernethy, Rothiemurchus, and others. In the "Lays of the Deer Forest," by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, the tradition is quoted of "travellers, who, passing from Strathspey to Nairn, when they entered the woods at Castle Grant, had never seen the sun until they came out below Calder." It was in these great forests that the great deer lived, whose magnificent heads are occasionally recovered from their graves of peat-moss. Gradually the forests disappeared. "The devastations of Oliver Cromwell in the oak woods of Lochaber are well known; and old people still retain traditions of clearances where the great tracts south of Loch Treig and upon the Blackwater were set on fire to exterminate the wolves." The introduction of sheep-farming completed the work. The oak forests are gone—and gone with them are the great deer of the golden past. For it is observed by old German hunters that pine forests do not produce deer of the same size and head as do oak forests. It was not the fault of the stock. When Scotch and English red deer were, by the wise incentive of the Prince Consort, exported and introduced for the first time into the great forests of New Zealand, they at once showed their appreciation of their improved environment by increasing in size and beauty of head till they may fairly be said to rival their ancient progenitors of the Scottish woods. Unless, and until, the oak and the beech again clothe the Highland glens the Scotch stag will never be the same animal that he was five centuries ago. But he has probably been saved from further degradation by the wealth and attention that have been bestowed upon him during the last fifty years. The answer to your question must, therefore, be a double one. The Highland red deer was a dwindling remnant of a much larger animal who lived in Scotland in the silvan times. But his degeneration has probably been arrested since about fifty years ago.—S. H. WHITBREAD.

THE GROUSE SEASON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of August 27th I see you say, it is years since such satisfactory grouse returns marked August in Yorkshire. As a matter of fact, in some parts of Yorkshire, and on what are probably the best three moors in

the kingdom, it is one of the worst seasons on record. I allude to Wemmer-gill, High Force, and Holwick, in the Teesdale Wensleydale district. Last year High Force was not shot at all, and the other two moors very lightly. This year I shall not be far wrong when I put the bag of the three at from 1,500 to 1,750 brace; there are in some places no birds at all, and it will take, probably, years to get the stock up again. The heather for the second year in succession has hardly bloomed, owing, curiously enough, to two wet seasons. Every other place in the kingdom was dry. Owing to the wet very little burning has been done; but there is no doubt a great deal more burning could be done if only lessees and landlords would look after it themselves, instead of leaving it to their keepers. On many of the small moors round about there are no birds at all. I heard of one bag of fifteen brace, on a moor rented at £500.—X. Y.

THE HORNED PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in reading the letter in your last week's issue on the nesting habits of tragopans. Cabot's tragopan is a very common species on the wooded mountains of the Fohkien Province (Southern China). The native hunters obtained plenty of specimens of the birds, but could give our collectors no information as to their nests or eggs. The mystery was at last solved as follows: A hunter, happening to look up into a tall tree, saw a bird's head, at which he fired, and to his astonishment brought down a hen tragopan. He at once climbed the tree, and there, on an old squirrel's nest some 30ft. from the ground, he found four eggs. Two of these were addled; the other two were almost ready to hatch. The quills in these chicks were over an inch in length. A full description of the occurrence was given by my friend, Mr. J. D. de La Touche, in *The Ibis*, 1900, page 40.—C. B. RICKETT.

BARN OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In vindication of my useful neighbours, the barn owls, I should like to say that they have built in my barn for years, and every year I visit the owlets, and have never been molested by the parents. So, I may add, does my gardener look into the nest, and has replaced in it one of the little birds which had fallen to the floor. Yet though the parents were flying about, they have never shown anger nor mistrust. Last year I found one of the owlets sitting on a railing outside the barn in the late afternoon. I and four other ladies in turn (not together) went to it and stroked and handled it, one of the parent birds in a tree just above and in full sight keeping up a little call or cry, but making no attempt to approach us or its little one. This happened on two successive nights. I quite believe this forbearance on the parent's part arose from its knowing that all the birds who are so kind as to live on this place are, so far as may be, protected and befriended.—R. OWEN.

THE SONGS OF AUTUMN MIGRANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The autumn song of some of the birds that stay with us, such as the robin, the hedge-sparrow, the water-ousel, and occasionally the starling, is, I think, generally accounted for on the theory that there is an instinct to pair afresh after the troubles of rearing a family are over, or, in the case of the young birds, after the autumn moult. But I think it is not often that the songs of birds just about to depart for the sunny South are heard in the last week of August or beginning of September. I was ascending the course of a very beautiful little tributary of the Wharfe lately, which descends from Beamsley Beacon, and incidentally helps to make the pass between Wharfedale and Nidderdale, when I noticed a great number of willow-warblers, among other birds, in a sheltered and sunny bit of wild woodland at a very considerable height up above the valley. There were so many of them that they must have been assembling to migrate, though why they were at such an elevation I cannot guess. But the odd thing about these birds was that a very large number of them were singing, flying up into the oak boughs to do so. The date was August 20th. The swallows have also been singing every morning, beginning almost before dawn, close to my window in the valley of the Eden, until the cold weather began on August 29th, since when they have been silent. The swallow song is only a continued twitter, but it is clearly meant for a song.—C. J. CORNISH.

A MOUSE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent may find an explanation of the incident recorded, in the Manchester Science Lectures, Eleventh Series (1879-1880), in a lecture by Canon Tristram, on "Palestine in its Physical Aspects." In speaking of the mountain fauna and their similarity to the fauna of Lapland, Norway, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, he says that he was on the melting snows of Mount Hermon, one morning at the end of May, and killed what appeared to be a rat, but what turned out on examination to be a vole. Voles have nothing to do with our rats, though they are rodents; but they are animals of a different class, more allied to squirrels. On comparison of this with the little vole found on the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathian Mountains—specimens in the British Museum—it was found to be identical. Voles and rats (and mice) are very much alike. Was it a vole that your correspondent found?—J. LLOYD-ROBERTS.

MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In supplement to the remarks of Mme. Duclaux on this subject, you may perhaps like to publish the accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. Frederick A. Bourne of Eastbourne. The leverets, whose mother was

evidently dead, were found some days ago by a market gardener on his land. He took them home with him, and, as an experiment, deprived his old cat of her three kittens and substituted the young hares for them. The cat took to them at once, and her little nurslings are doing very well. Leverets, though perhaps not so graceful as kittens, make very amusing pets, and become very tame. Cowper, as we know, had two, named respectively Puss and Tiney, among the many furred and feathered things which were his closest companions. In his "Epitaph on a Hare" he gives a most interesting account of



Tiney's doings, together with a description of his diet. Anyone wishing to bring up a young hare as a pet will find the latter extremely useful. Wheaten bread, milk, oats, and straw, thistles or lettuces, twigs of hawthorn, and "pippins" russet peel were his principal articles of food, while sliced carrots came in handy when these failed. I once knew a butcher in a small Scotch town who had a tame hare that seemed to live most of the time in his shop, although it made many an excursion up and down the principal street. It was a terror to dogs, from its habit of flying at them and biting them with its strong front teeth. Unfortunately, a half-bred bull-terrier, strange to the town, and apparently destitute of any sense of humour, failed to see the fun of this novel situation, and incontinently made an end of poor Wat after he had enjoyed three or four years of town life.—X.

THE HARVEST MITE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly let me know through your correspondence column how the pest of the little red spider called harvest bug can be exterminated? They are very numerous in a field near a wood in which I am anxious to build, and would, unless exterminated, render residence there almost impossible.—A. D.

[The harvest mite—a more accurate, descriptive, and pleasant name than "harvest bug"—abounds most on chalky soils, and seems to prefer the rabbit as a "host," often becoming a terrible pest in warrens. Any of the remedies used by gardeners to combat its cousin, the red spider, would be effective, but perhaps hardly applicable on the scale our correspondent desires. If it is practicable to mow the field, we should have this done in the early summer, carting the herbage away as it is cut, and afterwards watering the ground with a weak solution of ammonia, or water in which only enough soot has been mixed to give it a faint colour. We have assumed that our correspondent desires to build in the field, and not in the wood, though his letter might be read in the latter sense.—ED.]

MULBERRY TREES IN LONDON.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the heart of London City, in the old Charterhouse garden, sixteen ancient mulberry trees grow and flourish, and this year these trees have borne a wonderful crop of fruit. The smoke and grime seem not to affect them at all; the leaves are green and fresh and the fruit ripe. "Surely the atmosphere of London is clearer than it used to be," is the remark of many people who visit it, and the mulberry trees in the old garden seem to testify to the truth of it in their abundant harvest of this year. The blossoming time in the spring was unusually congenial to fruit trees generally, in the alternate showers and warm sunshine, and the City trees have borne the good crop of mulberries as the result. A newspaper correspondent has suggested that these old mulberry trees are probably some of those imported by James I. in 1608. The "wise" king had set his heart on introducing the silk industry into England, and as a preliminary he sent for some shiploads of mulberry trees from the South of Europe. There is an old account amongst the archives of the Charterhouse stating the price paid by the authorities for the 300 trees they purchased to please King James. There is no doubt he gave as well as sold many of them to landowners in and around London, also planting a large garden of them himself, to set a good example to his subjects in cultivating what he hoped in time would be the food for silkworms. The trees grew, but the silkworms failed. In our

variable climate the tender young creatures cannot thrive. One night of damp, chilly weather will prove fatal to a whole crop of silkworms, even in Italy, so it is no wonder that the scheme of King James failed. It is believed that some of his mulberry trees still survive, as they are long-lived trees, often attaining more than 300 years. Hogarth's mulberry still exists at Chiswick, but is dwindling to decay.—M. R.

BACK TO THE LAND.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By chance I came across a copy of your valuable paper for July 23rd, containing a letter on the above subject. May I recount my experience. I was originally intended for the engineering trade, and was apprenticed to a large firm not far from Manchester. My heart was not in the work, and I am afraid I was what is commonly called a "failure." My desire was always to be a farmer, and as soon as ever I could I left the trade and went on the land. I applied to a farmer in Cheshire for a situation, and he agreed to give me my board and keep for my labour. I worked for him on those terms for six months; he then offered me 10s. a week and everything found. I accepted the offer. At the end of twelve months I saw an advertisement in an agricultural paper for an assistant on a farm; I applied for the position, and got it. The salary was £44 a year and everything found. I stopped there a year, then I got a position further South at a little higher salary. After being there a little time I heard of a small farm being to let in my native Cheshire, which I took. I have been there some little time, and find it quite satisfactory. If I can be of any use to your correspondent in helping him "back to the land" I am sure I shall be only too glad to do whatever I can.—FARMER JARGE.

A WAYFARER.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After the interesting letter upon the brotherhood of the road which you printed last week, you may like to see a tramp enjoying himself amid his natural surroundings. I have often heard a great deal of romance spoken about the pot which gypsies and wayfarers boil on the roadside, most of which Sir Walter Scott is responsible for when Meg Merrilies said to Dominic Sampson, "Gape sinner, gape and swallow." The pot then, if we remember rightly, had game in it, and chickens and meat and vegetables, and was most savoury and alluring. Since Meg first saw the world it has been the custom to credit the tramp of fiction with faring sumptuously on the proceeds gained from the squire "by stealing of his game," but, in our experience, fact and fancy are not in agreement. During one of the wettest days of last month the writer pulled up beside a party of two who had made a fire, and, despite the rain, were cooking their victuals by the wayside. He thought them two



miserable wretches. They were quite young, a man and woman, neither of them more than twenty-five, and their ruddy skins proclaimed them true children of the open air; but all the pot they had was an old mustard tin, and its contents a piece of fat bacon stolen or begged at some wayside house, with a couple of duck's eggs, the proceeds of theft, one may well imagine. It was with reluctance that they disclosed the secret, but they imagined they were yielding to authority in the matter. So much for actuality as opposed to romance.—G.